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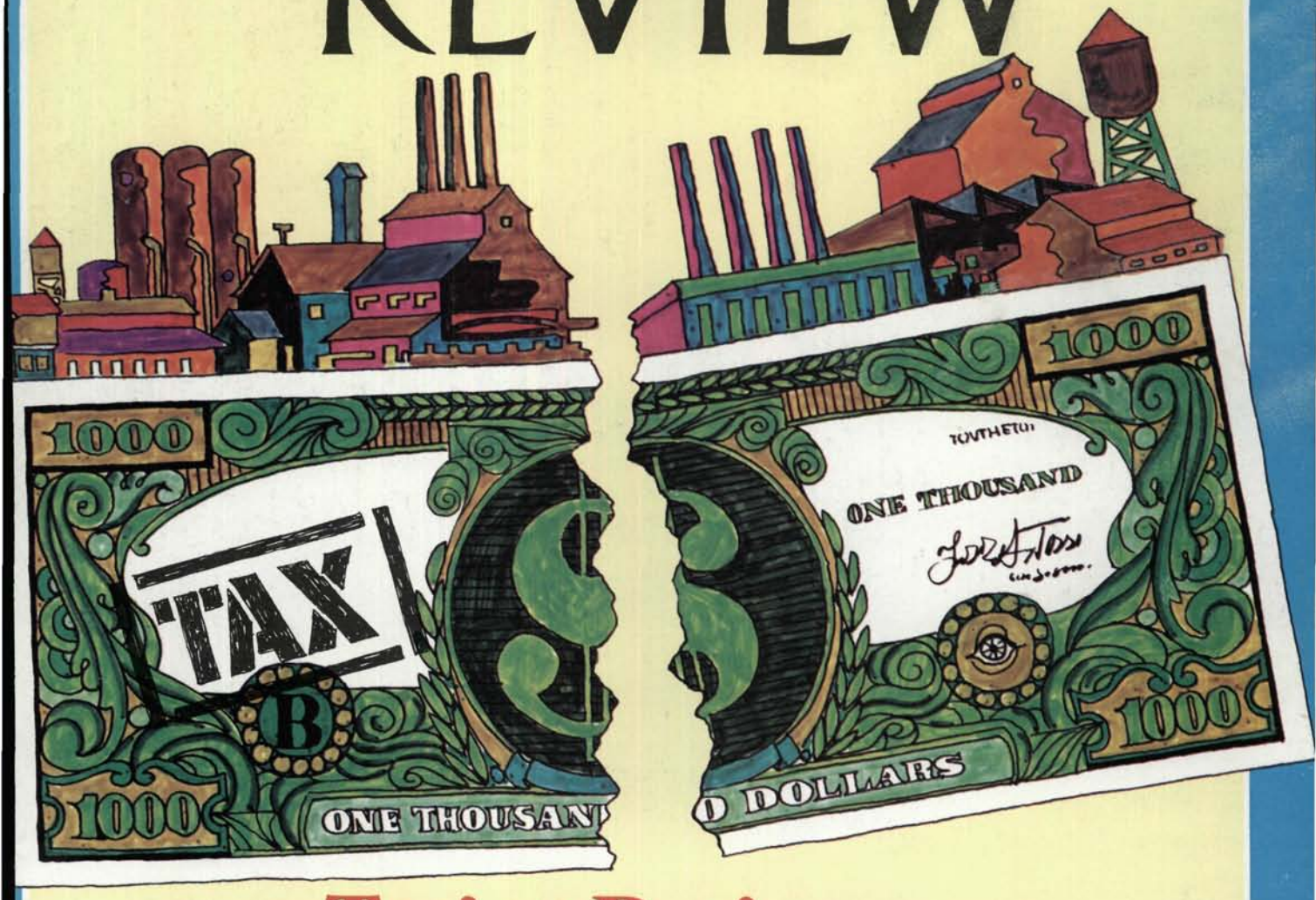
OCTOBER 13, 1972

Eyewitness Report:
BUCKLEY IN RUSSIA
— SEE PAGE 1148

NATIONAL REVIEW



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ENGLAND FACES
THE GREAT MIGRATION
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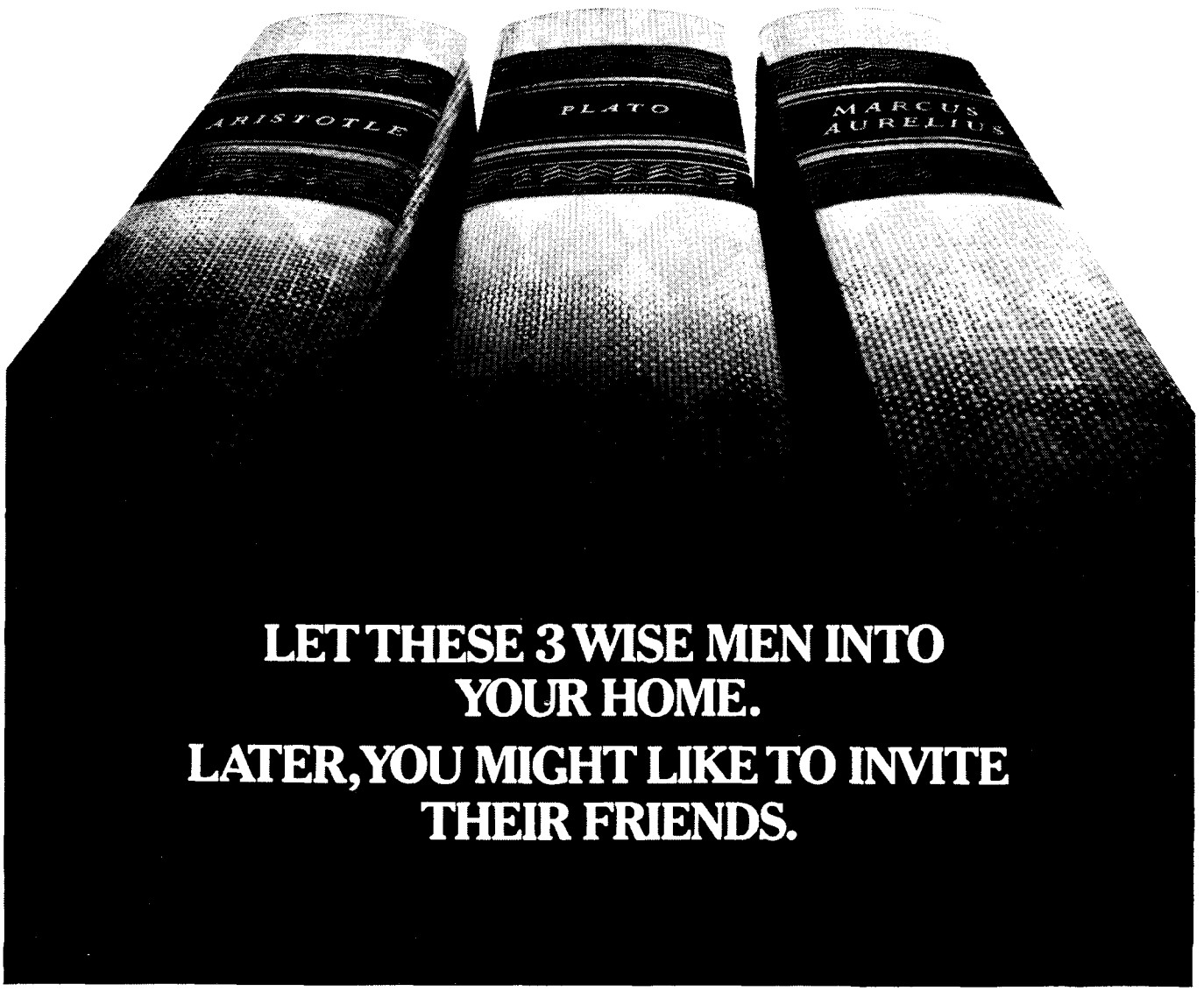

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NATIONAL REVIEW

VOL. XXIV No. 40 OCTOBER 13, 1972

IN THIS ISSUE . . .

. . . we present the modest proposal of Professor **C. Lowell Harriss** of Columbia that taxes on corporate profits be *reduced* and many of the "loopholes" so abhorrent to George McGovern et al. be left open. Professor Harriss demonstrates that the high (average: close to 50 per cent) taxes paid by business are ultimately paid by all of us—employees, in lower pay and restricted job opportunities; investors, in lower return on capital; consumers, in higher prices and a narrower range of goods and services; fat-cat tycoons, in reduced ability to allocate resources wisely and respond to demands imaginatively. . . . Those tens of thousands of Asians about to be dumped in Britain's lap by General Amin could end up being an asset not a liability, says **Elspeth Huxley**—but only in the long run, after a period of adjustment that's bound to be painful for everyone. . . . The freedom-preaching Mont Pelerin Society, having survived 25 years of inattention from politicians and derision from the Galbraithians, met last month. **John Chamberlain** was there; he found the Society thriving, and turning its attention to the problem of making freedom respectable again among the masses. . . . **Max Geltman** has been watching the Left for years. He remembers the late 1940s, when Henry Wallace and his followers could find nothing, nothing at all wrong with the Soviet Union. Of late, he has been tormented by persistent feelings of *déja-vu*. —CHS

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Contributors

Aram Bakshian Jr. ☐ C. D. Batchelor ☐ Ruth Berenson ☐ Colm Brogan
David Brudnoy ☐ John R. Coyne Jr. ☐ John Chamberlain ☐ Richmond Crinkley
Anthony R. Dolan ☐ Charles Foley ☐ Neal Freeman ☐ Max Geltman ☐ Henry Hazlitt
John Kiley ☐ Suzanne La Follette ☐ Jared Lobdell ☐ Sir Arnold Lunn ☐ Vincent Mille
Gerhart Niemeyer ☐ Daniel Oliver ☐ Stefan T. Possony ☐ Morrie Ryskind
William S. Schlamm ☐ Tibor Szamuely ☐ Alec Waugh ☐ Auberon Waugh
Peter P. Witonski ☐ Frederick D. Wilhelmsen

Foreign Contributors

Anthony Lejeune *London* ☐ E. v. Kuehnelt-Leddihn *Munich* ☐ Elspeth Huxley *African Affairs*
Taki Theodoracopulos *Athens* ☐ Donald Coxe *Guelph, Ontario* ☐ Elena Ossa *Santiago*

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FOR THE RECORD

■ On Sept. 25, *NY Times* columnist **James Reston** virtually threw **McGovern**'s towel in for him, wrote that since McGovern couldn't win he might as well stage a high-level Stevensonian sort of a campaign and talk to the people about the issues. . . . McGovern coming in for increasing flak for missing out on important Senate votes. Sen. **Edward Brooke** (R., Mass.), whose end-the-war amendment was voted down 45 to 42 last week, was mad because McGovern skipped that one. . . . **Ten mayors**, five of them Democrats, have blasted McGovern for not voting for revenue sharing (which they favor), told him an "unprecedented number of American mayors" would vote against him in November. (Since Jan. 1, McGovern has been on hand for only 27 per cent of Senate roll calls. And Interior Secretary **Rogers Morton** (who, McGovern charges, is indifferent to environmental problems) says McGovern has attended three (of 130) Senate Interior Committee meetings in past two years.) . . . An in-depth study by the *National Observer* of **Democratic candidates** (gubernatorial, senatorial, congressional) finds that only 49.8 per cent of them support McGovern "unequivocally and for the record." . . . **Jimmy the Greek**, in his testimony before a congressional committee that is investigating polls and their effect on elections, said the Las Vegas odds are 8 to 1 right now that **Nixon** will defeat McGovern. . . . No word yet from **Charles Taft** and his Fair Campaign Practices Committee. GOP Chairman **Bob Dole** has asked Committee to censure McGovern for having, three times in the past year, compared Richard Nixon to Adolf Hitler.

■ On the campaign trail: *People's World*, West Coast Communist weekly, is boosting candidacy of radical Congressman **Ron Dellums**, regularly lists his speeches and rallies. . . . Not even speeches in his support by maverick

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"I owe it all to belonging to a damned good union!"

Republican Congressmen **Don Riegle** (Mich.) and **Paul McCloskey** (Cal.) could do it. ADA Chairman **Allard Lowenstein** still lost his second primary bid against Rep. **John Rooney**, who will now run on both the Democratic and Conservative lines in New York. Lowenstein says he hasn't yet decided whether to run on Liberal Party line. . . . In Florida, conservative **Paul Bethel** of Citizens Committee for a Free Cuba won a smashing victory (56.2 per cent) in a three-way congressional primary that had its comic aspects. The *Miami Herald* first endorsed one of Bethel's opponents, **Ralph Milione**, then, next day, red-facedly unendorsed him after discovering that he was a onetime employee of **Willis** (Liberty Lobby) **Carto**. Bethel is given good chance to win the race in the 13th CD, although registration there is 5 to 1 Democratic. . . . **John Kerry**, the Vietnam Vets against the War man, won his primary in Massachusetts for the seat of Republican Congressman **Bradford Morse** (who resigned to take UN appointment), is expected to beat out **Paul Cronin**, another liberal Republican. . . . Massachusetts Conservative Party running its first congressional candidate, **Jack Collins**, in the 4th CD, against the left-Catholic incumbent, Father **Robert Drinan**. . . . Incidentally, it was **J. Lawrence McCarty** who resigned from executive committee of Massachusetts Conservative Party, along with **David Brudnoy**, and not **John McCarthy** (as reported here Sept. 29). McCarthy (with an "h"), a founding father, resigned earlier on. . . . New York's **Conservative Party** staging its tenth anniversary gala at the New York Hilton on Friday, Oct. 13. Speakers: Spiro T. Agnew, Sen. James Buckley, William F. Buckley Jr. (for information and tickets contact Conservative Party State Headquarters, 468 Park Avenue South, NYC 10016).

■ **Evans and Novak** wrote a column about it but otherwise it passed pretty much unnoticed: Hanoi's endorsement of the Arab guerrilla attack and murder of Israeli athletes in Munich. Hanoi lauded the terrorists as "Palestinian patriots." E&N point out that the North Vietnamese are so dogmatic in their ideology that it apparently never occurred to them that praise of the **Black September** group might affect their attempt to manipulate the liberal dove vote in the States. . . . A McGovern for President Committee has set up headquarters in Canada, to encourage Americans living there (many of them **draft-dodgers and deserters)** to file absentee ballots.

■ Just out (reviewed in the Sept. 23 *People's World*), the newest in must reading for the **Trashing Generation**: *Beat the Heat: A Radical Survival Handbook* "co-authored by the Berkeley International Liberation School and the People's Law Book Collective, with the help of members of the San Francisco Bay Area National Lawyers Guild," Ramparts Press, $2.25).

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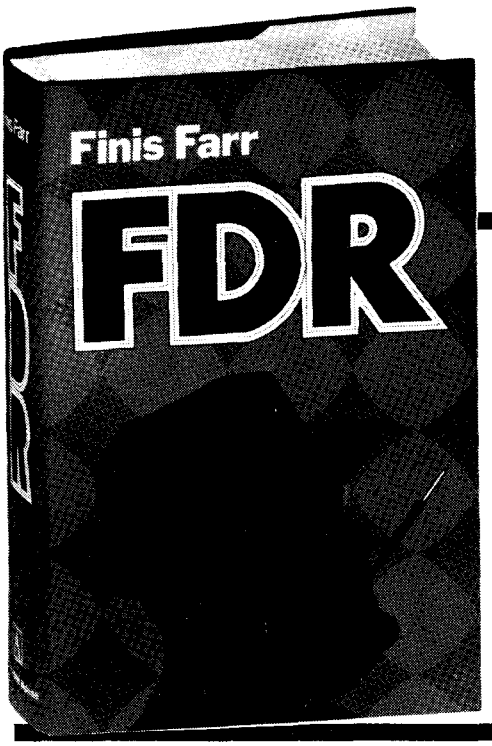

Vivid New Portrait

OF THE MAN WHO TURNED AMERICA LEFT

FINIS FARR, noted biographer of Margaret Mitchell, Frank Lloyd Wright and Jack Johnson, now etches the man who remade America. Though Farr is not immune to the Roosevelt charm, he judges his years in the White House a national disaster.

Farr is perceptive. In discussing young FDR's liaison with Lucy Mercer, he observes that "no love affair in which he may or may not have engaged could possibly have had the significance of his love affair with himself." Roosevelt partisans will want to forget such incidents as FDR's praise for Legionnaires who captured, castrated and shot a Wobbly leader (he termed it "a high form of red-blooded patriotism"); or his capricious tinkering with the nation's money during the period he was under the spell of Professor George Frederick Warren's eccentric economic theories. Stalin, at the Teheran conference, is presented as "a short, broad-shouldered man of the peasant type, dressed in a nondescript uniform" who "looked like some kind of porter, probably the sort who would quarrel over his tip."

Droll and seasoned with cynicism, Finis Farr brings FDR and his era to life again.

Finis Farr:
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Franklin Roosevelt changed the face of America, and not for the better. His twelve years in the White House were fateful—and also full of color and excitement. Finis Farr catches the snap-crackle-and-pop of those years, the brawling, the comic extravagance.

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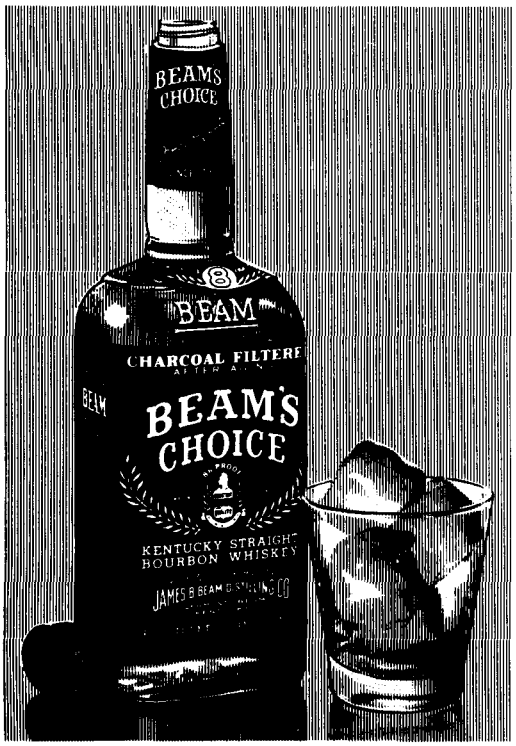

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LETTERS

NR and the Times

Something akin to battle fatigue overcame me as I read *NR*'s negative answer to the question: "Is It True What They Say about the *New York Times*?" [Sept. 15]. Yes, I have fought my private war with the gentlemen of the *Times*. It has been a long war, a discouraging war, certainly an ineffectual war on my part. And ironically it had to be NATIONAL REVIEW that destroyed my will to fight, once and for all it seemed. In the nick of time, my own dear mother, seventy years young, visiting from San Diego, faithful reader of the *San Diego Union* and "not much of an intellectual" by her own admission, charged in, picked up my copy of the *Times*, and after no more than ten minutes cast it aside with the stern judgment: "Son, I wouldn't read that Democratic paper."

Poughkeepsie, N.Y. ALBERT C. MOORE

There is good reason to believe that Ottinger and Maines were wrong in their analysis of the coverage the *Times* gave to the mining of the North Vietnamese harbors one of their five cases. Certainly their treatment of the publication on page one of Anthony Lewis' report from Hanoi that the mines were being cleared in Haiphong harbor betrays their own pro-*Times* bias. To say that the *Times*' rushing to press with an enemy propaganda claim of this type conforms to normal journalistic practice is simply silly. That kind of reasoning would have justified Jack Anderson's blunder in reporting the rumor that Senator Eagleton had been arrested for drunken and reckless driving. I doubt that ever the *Times* would advance such an irresponsible defense for the Lewis article as that.

If Ottinger and Maines want to do a serious study of the fairness of the news coverage of the *Times*, I suggest that they start with the coverage of the Vietnam war, beginning with David Halberstam's reporting back in 1963 which was so influential in bringing about the downfall of Ngo Dinh Diem. It would be interesting to see a comparison of the coverage given by the *Times* to the massacres at Mylai and the 1968 massacre at Hué and the most recent massacre of civilian refugees fleeing from Quangtri. As Accuracy in Media has pointed out in a statement that the *Times* refused to print, even as a paid ad, Tom Wicker, associate editor of the *Times*, has spread the line in his column that the massacre at Hué did not represent official Hanoi policy. After it was pointed out that Douglas Pike's ex

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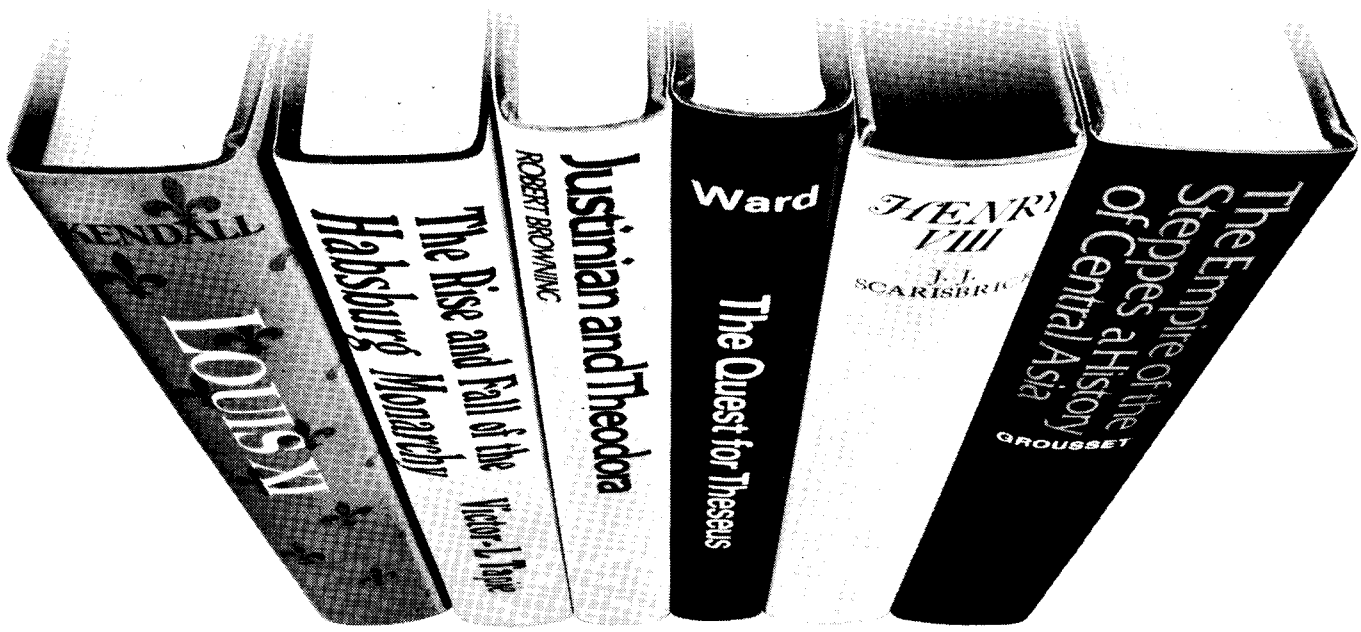

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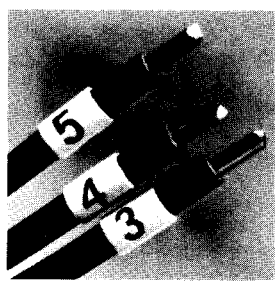

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cellent study of the Hué massacre showed that it *was* official policy, Wicker admitted that he had not read Pike's study, but he refused to inform his readers of the facts.

Silver Spring, Md. REED J. IRVINE

As a longtime member of ACLU and Board Member of its Southern California Affiliate, let me commend your objectivity and concern for fact, regardless of how it squares with your particular ideological or political conviction. Such candor and flexibility is all too rare in the liberal publications to which I subscribe.

CARL B. PEARLSTON JR.

Harbor City, Calif.

Texas and the GOP

I wonder how much Val Victorson ["The View from Texas," Sept. 15] really knows about the politics of his own state. In saying that "Republicans . . . indulged themselves for the first time [1972] in a primary contest for the gubernatorial spot," he overlooks the two-man race in 1962 in which Jack Cox won 86 per cent of the 115,000 Republican votes cast, and the 1968 race in which Paul Eggers won 63 per cent of the 105,000 votes cast in a three-man contest and went on to take 43 per cent of the vote in the general election.

And how "solidly Republican" is Harris County (Houston)? Nixon received only a plurality (42 per cent) there in 1968. Fifty-one counties gave Nixon a higher vote percentage. Paul Eggers left Harris County with a majority in 1968, but with a smaller one than in seventeen other counties. Two of the three congressmen from Harris are Democrats, and one, Bob Eckhardt is as liberal as you'll find in the South. Eckhardt was re-elected with more than 70 per cent of the vote in 1968, and the other Democrat, Bob Casey, won comfortably.

If Victorson's optimism about Hank Grover's chances this year is based on the same cavalierness toward reality that we find in his factual accounting, then at best we can only be "1,000 per cent" confident that Grover will win.

Westminster, Md. TERRY B. SMITH

Bomb the Dikes?

Although I consistently admire the reasoning presented in NATIONAL REVIEW, I was feeling a bit feisty when I came across your analysis of the North Vietnamese dike controversy ["The Week," Sept. 15,]. The annoying assertion was this: "If the North Vietnamese want to guarantee the preservation of their dikes . . . let them order their troops to stop their aggression and come home." Assuming that you are not using "the North Vietnamese" as a metaphor for the government of North Vietnam, the North Vietnamese people are not capable of ordering "their troops to stop their aggression and come home."

Furthermore, I would like to answer your question "What would be so wrong

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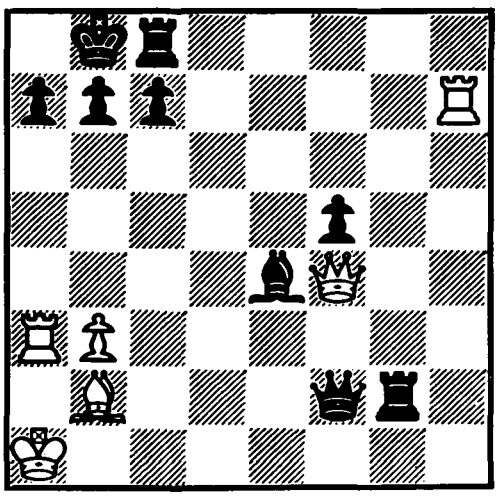
The Question is NOT "How Does White Mate In Both Of These Games"?

But Rather

CAN YOU QUICKLY RECOGNIZE THE SAME MATING PRINCIPLE IN BOTH GAMES?



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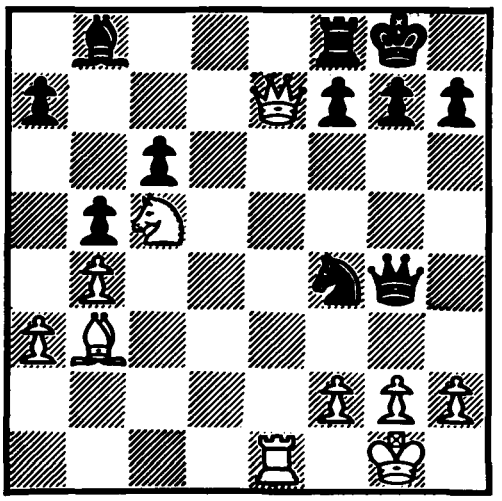

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White	Black
Q x BP ch	R x Q
R — R8 ch	R — B1
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R x R Mate	

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with bombing the dikes anyway?" In accordance with its Christian approach to war, the U.S. Government generally should strive to wage war exclusively against the government of North Vietnam rather than increasing the misery of the people whose government's policies would probably remain in effect without any of the peasantry because of support from other Communist governments.

Hillsdale, Mich. MIDGEA J. STUINHAKR

Death in Britain

I have always felt it was not true, the claim by liberals that capital crimes have not increased in states where capital punishment has been abolished. Now, after reading M. F. Harvey's article, "They Have Gun Controls in England," in the Sept. 15 issue of *NR*, I think I may have discovered the flaw in the liberals' statement.

Apparently, in compiling crime statistics, murders are not counted as murders unless someone is convicted of committing the murder. Obviously, it could become very difficult to convict a murderer in a state where the death penalty had been abolished, because witnesses might be afraid to testify against a murderer who could come back and "get" the witness after serving his term or being paroled.

Edenton, N.C. JAMES E. WOOD

In handling my article your staffers added a sentence incorporating an "official" figure for last year's murders in Britain of only 177—a figure they apparently picked up from the wire services to New York after release by the Home Office in London. The inclusion of this "official" murder figure in an article under my byline is extremely embarrassing to me, because I've published several detailed articles in British journals and newspapers to explain why such Home Office figures are utterly useless for understanding how the crime wave here began—wrecking the British system of gun controls—after passage of the 1957 Homicide Act which weakened application of the death penalty for murder.

Furthermore, as some of your American readers must have realized, to accept such a low Home Office figure for murders—of 177 when there were really more than four hundred dead victims of murders last year in England and Wales—would wholly invalidate the statistical relationships I've shown to exist, in my article, between increasing incidences of murder and increases in all other serious crimes, including armed robberies.

For example, if one accepts the 177 Home Office murder figure for 1971, one must also accept a long-standing Home Office murder figure of *150* for 1957—the key year of my analysis. But if we accepted these statistics as valid, one would have to agree with the Home Office

(Continues on page 1147)

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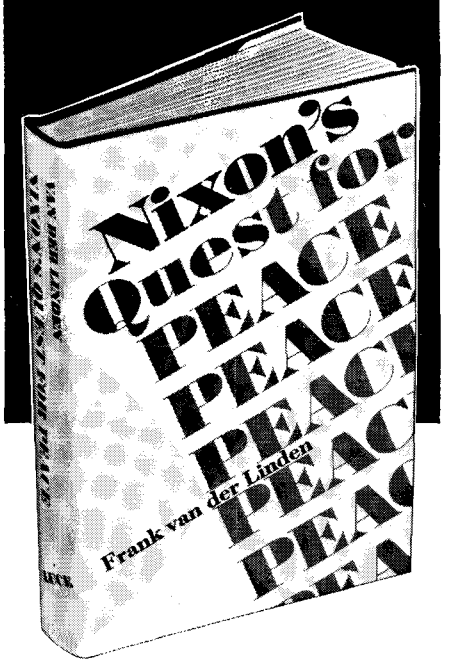

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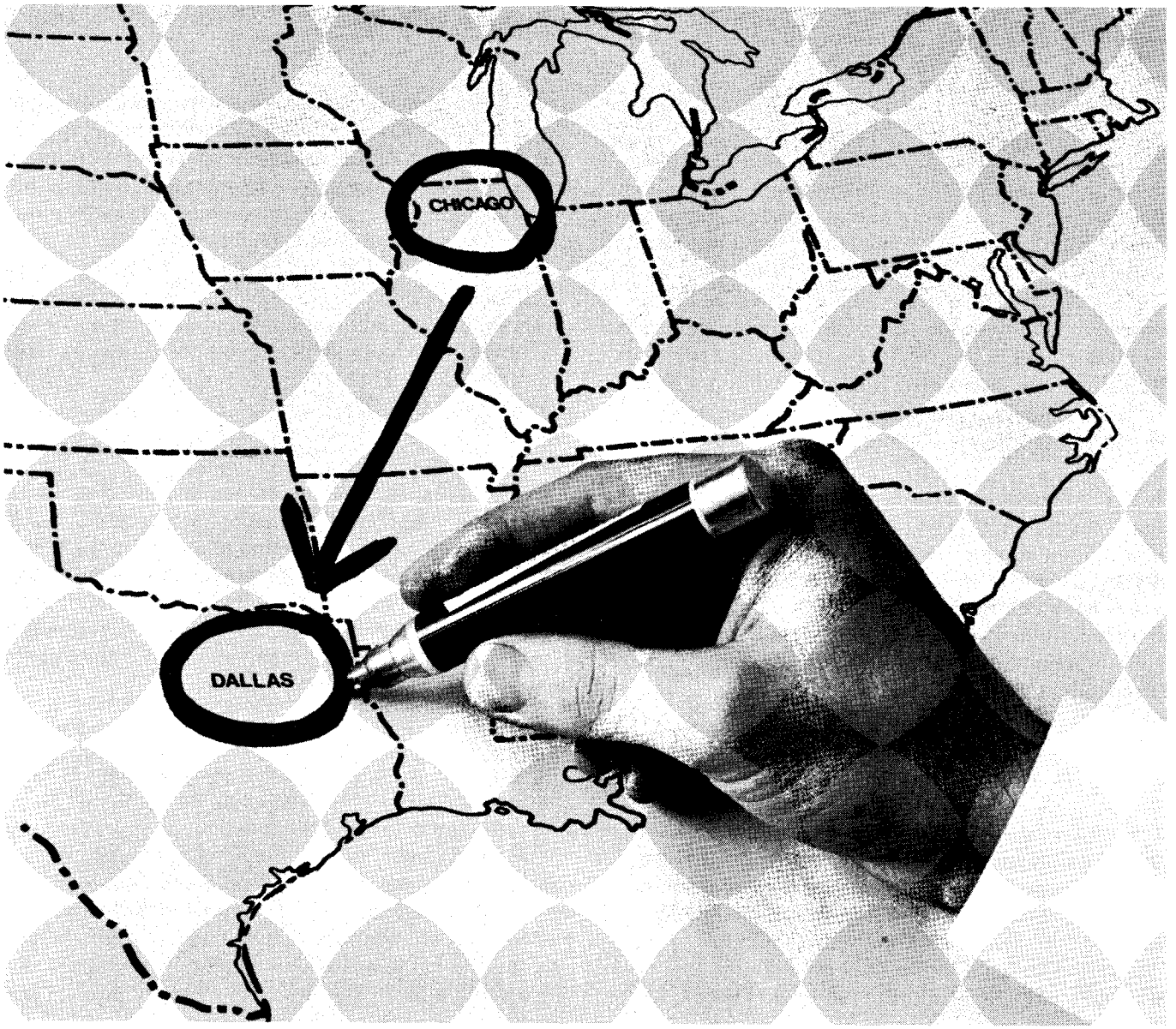

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THE WEEK

■ In answer to your many queries, ma'am, yes, Sargent Shriver's recent reference (in a Texas campaign speech) to the team of "Nixon and Shriver" *was* a slip of the tongue, and no, Mr. Shriver does *not* consider Sen. McGovern a liability to the ticket, and no, Mr. Shriver has *no* plans to dump Sen. McGovern, and no, *neither* Mr. Shriver *nor* Sen. McGovern is currently undergoing electroshock treatment, and yes, such slips occur frequently among people who are *quite* normal.

■ The McGovern Administration-to-be began putting its new economic policy into effect by handing Eastern Airlines a $45,000 check which, in the parlance of fat cat tycoons, bounced. In addition, American Airlines has suspended credit to the Democratic National Committee until some overdue bills are paid, which action meanwhile prevents any other airline extending credit to the Democrats. McGovern is left with three choices: He can hitchhike; he can fly under an alias; or he can run on the ticket of another party, which, come to think of it, he should have done a long time ago.

■ Senator McGovern has just proposed that the Council of Europe dump Greece. Perhaps the Senator doesn't know, or doesn't care, that it's none of his/our business, the United States not being a member of the Council; and evidently he doesn't know that Greece isn't a member of the Council either, having withdrawn from it 'way back in 1970, about the time he decided to run for President.

■ Richard Nixon has been just *terrible*, says George McGovern. While "cynically" opposing busing, "he has watched school corridors become armed fortresses lined with policemen to protect our children from the violence inside those corridors," which violence, McGovern did not add, seems often to be the consequence of enforced integration. The *Washington Post* helpfully headlined the story: "MCGOVERN CHARGES NIXON WITH DEMAGOGUERY ON SCHOOLS."

■ The kids. *They're* for McGovern. They won't be fooled, no Nixon bandwagon is going to snatch them away. Such was the wisdom just a month ago—until the polls began coming in and it turned out that most of the bright and idealistic kids were for Sneaky Richard. McGovern, however, continues his search for the youth vote. So desperate is he that certain of his myrmidons in Canada are urging American "exiles" (on account of the despicable war) to send in absentee ballots for the man of their choice. As they say in the McGovern camp, "Come Home Canada."

■ Vince Matthews and Wayne Collett, the black quartermilers who suffered themselves to compete at Munich at the expense of the citizens of the United States, won first and second in the four hundred meter race, then got thrown out of the Olympics for laughing and scratching through the National Anthem and for making an unfriendly gesture to the booing crowd, have an ally in Jackie Robinson. In his book *I Never Had It Made,* Mr. Robinson says, ". . . I cannot stand and sing the National Anthem and I cannot salute the flag. I am a black man in a white man's world." If he speaks the truth, we can expect Mr. Robinson to be barred by the International White Man's Committee from further competition in his own specialty, mouthshooting (large bore). Alternatively, he could put some conviction in his words by departing for any other world he chooses.

■ A few weeks ago representatives of the people learned that an enemy aircraft carrier was leaving port for its war station. They hurriedly organized a "people's blockade" of small boats to block the harbor channel. Unfortunately, the *Enterprise* sailed serenely through the Golden Gate on its way to Vietnam, capsizing a number of the small craft and dumping a dozen people's navymen into San Francisco Bay, where they had to be rescued by the enemy Coast Guard. Terribly embarrassing.

■ It's been more than a month since North Vietnam announced it would release three American POWs. Two weeks ago the three were not so much freed, as handed over to the protective custody of four American friends of Hanoi, David Dellinger, Cora Weiss, William Sloane Coffin and Richard Falk. Since then they have been put on North Vietnamese television, given the grand tour of American bomb damage, made to send provocative telegrams to Washington "requesting" that they be allowed to stay with their four protectors until further notice, and otherwise used and abused. As we write, they are en route (home, we hope) via Peking and Moscow. The whole operation has failed in its transparent purpose of animating the American public against the Vietnam war; somewhat surprisingly, it has failed to

I Remember Nixon

I sigh for the days of McCarthy
(The knowing will know I mean Joe),
When Nixon was poison to Harry
And Hiss was securely in tow.
How sweet to recall the revulsion
When Helen Gahagan got hers;
When checkers was more than a pastime
And Adams was smothered in furs.
I *liked* him ascending from manholes
Or selling a second-hand heap.
The most I can manage today is,
He's better than Little Bo-Peep.

W. H. VON DREELE

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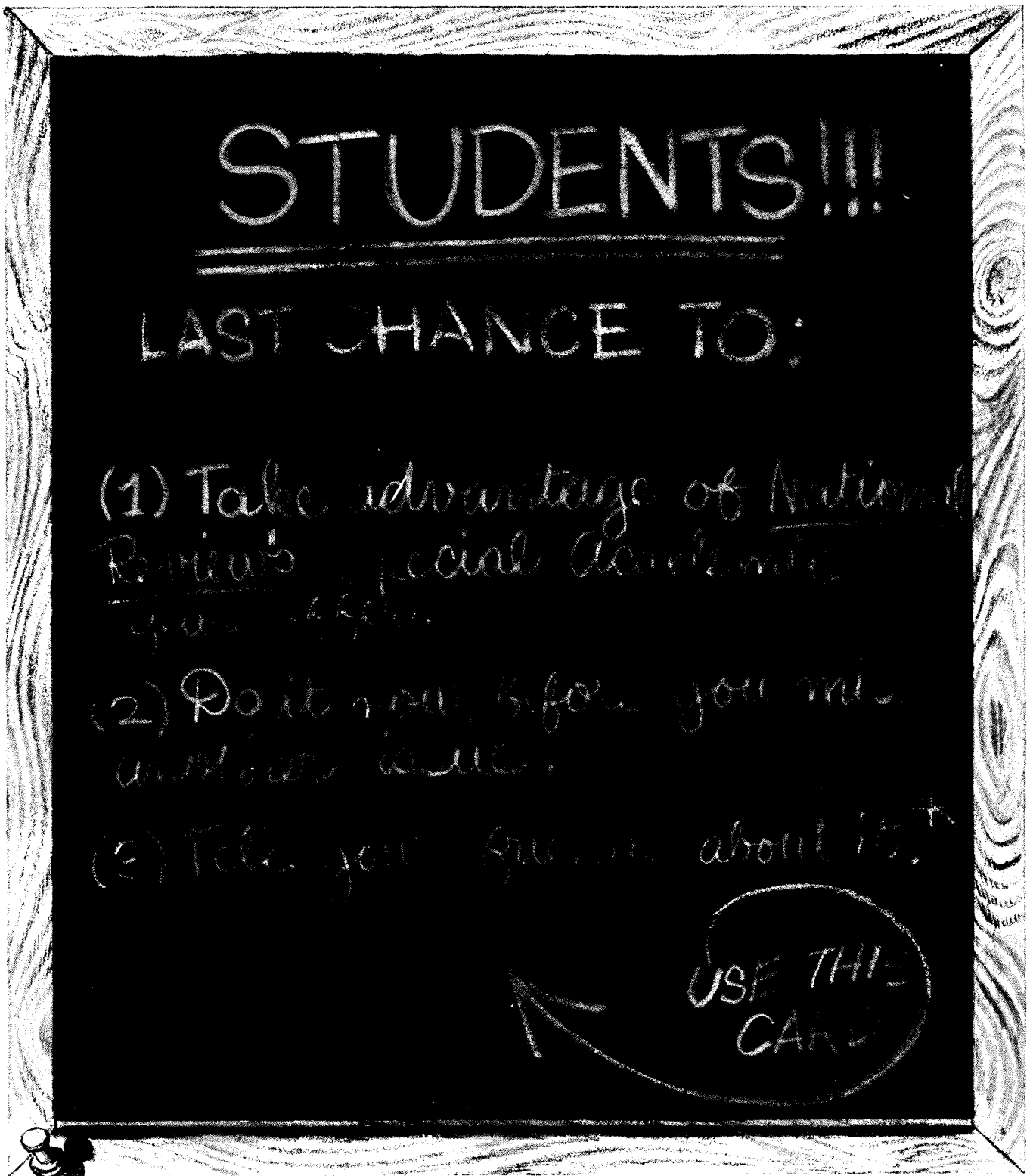

If **you** have student friends (or are a parent or relative of a student), we hope you will not miss this final opportunity to make sure that the student **you** care about has **National Review** this year. It can be an invaluable help in and out of the classroom. And you can send **National Review** for the current academic year for only $5.95 (a savings of $3.05!). Do it now, so as not to miss another issue. The postpaid card facing this page will speed your reply. Drop it in the mail **today.**

P.S. GIFTS WELCOMED

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Some very special things are happening to TV this fall.

Seldom in the history of television has there been such an abundance of specials on such a variety of subjects.

On the television "stage" there'll be Neil Simon's *The Trouble With People,* five new comedy sketches; Kaufman and Ryskind's ageless political satire, *Of Thee I Sing;* the original drama, *The Hands of Cormac Joyce.*

Jacques Cousteau continues his undersea explorations with *The Smile of the Walrus.*

For children, there will be a broad range of both educational and just-plain-fun programming, including *The Last of the Curlews,* the first in an innovative series of after-school specials. There'll be adaptations of children's classics and a young people's Philharmonic concert.

And, culminating with election-night coverage, local and national campaigns will be spotlighted in up-to-the-minute coverage.

A more complete sampling is shown below.

You might say television makes every week in October and November a very special week.

New York Philharmonic Young People's Concert. Michael Tilson Thomas conducts Haydn, Ravel. Sunday, Oct. 1 (5-6 pm).

Last of the Curlews. ABC Afterschool Special about last species of Eskimo bird. Wednesday, Oct. 4 (4:30-5:30 pm).

The Lion at World's End. Bell System Family Theatre—Story of "Christian," a lion. Friday, Oct. 20 (8-9 pm).

The Fabulous Country. The American Experience—Documentary on America's early years. Friday, Oct. 20 (10-11 pm).

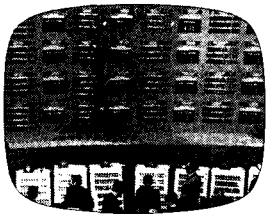
Smithsonian Adventure: 99 Days to Survival. Re-creation of 1869 trip down Green and Colorado Rivers. Friday, Oct. 20 (10-11 pm).

Of Thee I Sing. Pulitzer-winning musical starring Carroll O'Connor, Cloris Leachman, Jack Gilford, others. Tuesday, Oct. 24 (9:30-11 pm).

Treasure Island. Australian animated version of Stevenson classic. Sunday, Oct. 29 (5-6 pm).

You're Elected, Charlie Brown. Charlie runs for class president. Sunday, Oct. 29 (7:30-8 pm)

Robin Hood. Sherwood Forest revisited. Sunday, Nov. 5 (5-6 pm).



Election Coverage. All networks. Tuesday, Nov. 7.

Flip Wilson/Geraldine. Animated special. Sunday, Nov. 12 (7:30-8 pm).

The Trouble With People. Bell System Family Theatre—Original five-sketch comedy by Neil Simon starring George C. Scott, Alan Arkin, others. Sunday, Nov. 12 (9-10 pm).

America. Alistair Cooke narrates series: The New Found Land; Home From Home. Tuesdays, Nov. 14, 28 (10-11 pm).

The Smile of the Walrus. Undersea World of Jacques Cousteau—Study of migrations of once-endangered species. Wednesday, Nov. 15 (8-9 pm).

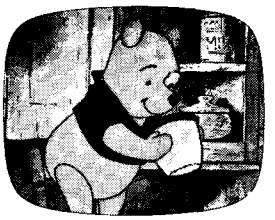
Burt Bacharach Special. An hour with top contemporary composer. Guests: Sammy Davis, Jr., Anthony Newley. Wednesday, Nov. 15 (9-10 pm).

The Hands of Cormac Joyce. Hallmark Hall of Fame—Story of an Irish fisherman. Starring Stephen Boyd, Colleen Dewhurst. Friday, Nov. 17 (8:30-10 pm).

Robinson Crusoe. Animated version of Defoe novel. Thursday, Nov. 23 (12-1 pm).

The Jerry Lucas Super Kids Day Magic Jamboree. 3 hours of fun in which youngsters will learn about science, numbers, words, etc. Friday, Nov. 24 (10 am-1 pm).

The Prince and the Pauper. The Mark Twain tale. Sunday, Nov. 26 (5-6 pm).



Winnie the Pooh and the Blustery Day. Sebastian Cabot narrates animated version of A. A. Milne story. Wednesday, Nov. 29 (8-8:30 pm).

The Man Who Came to Dinner. Hallmark Hall of Fame—New presentation of Kaufman-Hart play, starring Orson Welles and Lee Remick. Wednesday, Nov. 29 (8:30-10 pm).

REGULARLY SCHEDULED PROGRAMS

Monday through Friday: Sunrise Semester/ The Today Show/Captain Kangaroo/Watch Your Child/Sesame Street/Misterogers' Neighborhood/Electric Company

Tuesday: NBC Reports/ First Tuesday (monthly)

Wednesday: ABC After School Special (1st Wed. of each month)

Saturday: In the News/ABC Saturday Superstar Movie/Sealab 2020/Kid Power/ Around the World in 80 Days/Fat Albert and the Cosby Kids/Talking With A Giant/ CBS Children's Film Festival

Sunday: Lamp Unto My Feet/Look Up And Live/Curiosity Shop/Camera Three/Make A Wish/Face the Nation/Meet the Press/ Issues and Answers/60 Minutes/The Wonderful World of Disney

Note: This is, necessarily, a partial listing. Time (NYT), titles and casts of these national programs are subject to change. Please consult your station listings; check also for noteworthy local programs.

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provoke outrage against the ugly, opportunistic machinations of Dellinger, Weiss et al.

■ Three years, $527 million, 36,000 specialists later, and it looks like General Motors can, by 1975, produce an emission-free automobile engine. It's simply a matter of catalytic converters, reactors, lead-free fuel and a great deal of platinum and palladium, imported from South Africa. Ford, meanwhile, is working on an emission-free Ralph Nader.

■ The United Nations is back at the old stand for the 27th straight year. Festivities opened with a ringing denunciation of the Vietnam war by the General Assembly President, Stanislaw Trepczynski of the People's Republic of Poland. The United States "won" a big point when the question of terrorism à la the Olympic Massacre was put on the agenda (George Bush, succumbing to the optimism that suffuses the premises, pronounced that move a "possible turning point in the history of the UN"). China "lost" when the question of seating Bangladesh was listed, over Peking's objections that Bangladesh is "in violation of UN resolutions" and therefore should be excluded (sound familiar?), and again when the Assembly declined to discuss the possible reunification of Korea, which matter North and South Korea seem to be handling quite nicely without UN interference. Big losers, this year as every year, will be the taxpayers of the 132 member nations. In the course of its 1971 session, the UN spent $30 million to publish 773 million pages of its own proceedings; according to the 219-page report of a special commission appointed to study *that* crisis, the cost of such documentation is rising at 10 per cent a year.

Now's the Time To Come to the Aid—1,000 Per Cent!

LIBERATE
QUALITATE
FRATERNATE
"BEST"
OF THE
PAST
BLESSING
I'VE DECIDED THAT TOTAL ALARM IS PREFERABLE TO TOTAL DISTRUST - TWO CHEERS FOR McGOVERN
I'VE DECIDED THAT TOTAL INCOMPETENCE IS A SHADE WORSE THAN TOTAL DUPLICITY - TWO CHEERS FOR NIXON
YOU SEE, SIT-OUTS, PROTEST VOTES AND THIRD PARTIES ALL VIOLATE THE PEOPLE'S INALIENABLE RIGHT TO BE CONFUSED!

■ Britain's "most widely quoted" nutritionist, Professor John Yudkin, has declared war on white sugar. "My research on coronary disease has convinced me beyond doubt that sugar plays a considerable part in this terrifying modern epidemic," he says. "Sooner or later I feel it will be necessary to introduce legislation that by some means or other will prevent people from consuming too much sugar." Think of it. No doubt the British will soon need a prescription to have a spot of sugar in their tea, and for candy, cake, ice cream, canned soup, pastries, many prepared foods, soft drinks and little girls. A National Health Service field report will learn that it takes 174 pieces of paperwork to issue a trick-or-treat permit. Intrepid British sailors will turn a handsome profit smuggling Hershey bars into the country. Aren't you glad our American authorities take so different a view of the problem? We too have an epidemic of obesity and coronary disease. A few years ago the feds moved swiftly and decisively to deal with the problem by banning the only satisfactory substitute, sodium cyclamate. This prohibition is expensive, since the premature loss of taxpayers cuts into federal revenues. But it is at least a step in the direction of positive control of overpopulation. Sooner or later it will be necessary to introduce legislation that by some means or other will prevent people from consuming too much legislation.

■ President Ferdinand Marcos of the Philippines has been having his troubles. The economy is sagging, unemployment is rising, his popularity is rock bottom and the Communists are resurging. Worst of all, thanks to the Philippine constitution, he can't seek a third term. All seemed lost until the Communists made a bumbling attempt on the life of the Secretary of Defense. Marcos went into action. He declared martial law, arrested many of his opponents, banned all demonstrations, and stopped the presses, save for the *Daily Express*, a government-controlled paper. Now Marcos is happy. He'll be able to save the country all by himself and won't have to worry about any silly limits on his reign. As yet, world outrage has not begun. All the good guys

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Collectors' Item

In a growing number of American cities can collection bins have been retired with honor. No more collecting, boxing, hauling, dumping. But no cop-out from environmental concern, either.

In these cities former collectors have entered into a responsible partnership with their communities. They buy their beverages and other products in steel cans. Then they simply drop the empties into their garbage pails, and the city separates them, easily and economically, for recycling.

The secret is steel's unique magnetic quality. It makes the process of magnetic separation a practical reality that any city can use.

And communities across the nation are using it—to help solve the can disposal problem, to turn used steel cans into new products, to conserve other resources like tin and copper, to save shrinking landfill space and to bring money into municipal coffers from the sale of can scrap.

Seventeen cities already have magnetic separation systems—big cities like Chicago, Atlanta and Houston; and smaller ones like Madison, Wisc., Franklin, Ohio, and Melrose Park, Ill. They're recovering an estimated two-and-a-half billion used steel cans a year. By the end of 1973, 11 more cities will join the parade.

If your city gets into the act, you can stop collecting cans, too... and start collecting something you want to keep.

Steel
the recycled material

Tinplate Producers/American Iron and Steel Institute

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have their eyes on South Vietnam and corrupt President Thieu, who recently, after eighteen years of war within South Vietnam and many successful assassinations of government officials, had the nerve to declare martial law and cramp the press.

■ General Amin won his war. The Ugandan exiles, what is left of them, are back across the border in Tanzania, and he reigns supreme. The General needs a breather. After he solves the Northern Ireland problem for Britain—he's invited an Ulster delegation to meet with him in Kampala—it's off to "free Africa," which, including as it does the liberation of Mozambique, Angola, Portuguese Guinea and Rhodesia, ought to keep him busy for the next month or so.

■ Special to NATIONAL REVIEW (from our man in Dar es Salaam). The missing DC-9 East African Airways jetliner, discovered the day after its disappearance in Kilimanjaro, five hundred miles away (undamaged except for blown tires), was heisted by the Tanzanian army, for the purpose of lifting one thousand troops into Uganda.

■ VOICES OF MODERATION: Richard Nixon "has been doing everything he can to repeal the First Amendment since entering office."—Ramsey Clark at McGovern fund-raising rally, September 20.

■ Who Says All Is Lost? Department. In San Rafael, California, Arthur Thomas Lord Jr. smashed his auto into a taxi, drove away, and was arrested a few blocks later "intoxicated beyond the point of self care." It turned out Lord was a cop, on a year's leave at full pay ($1,161 a month) because he maintained that police occupational hazards led him to put away a fifth of whisky a day. In Indianapolis, Indiana, police bomb experts spent three-quarters of an hour trying desperately to defuse a buzzing parcel at the municipal airport. When they finally got it open, they found a battery-powered buzzer and a small wooden box with the one-word message inside: "Gotcha." And in Prague, Czechoslovakia, Mrs. Vera Czermak jumped out a third-story window when she learned that her husband had betrayed her. She landed on her errant husband, killing him. Mrs. Czermak is recovering nicely, thank you.

■ First prize in the federal "Better Living Through Taxation" Slogan Contest was awarded to Toujours L'Audace of the National Interstate Highway Bureau for his motto, "Gather Ye Roadbeds While Ye May." Mr. L'Audace won a two-week, all-expenses-paid trip for two to Perth Amboy, New Jersey.

■ Shana Alexander, *Newsweek*'s new "National Affairs" columnist, fairly grooves on abortion. "This abortion issue has always been woman's own," she burbles, "uniquely and entirely ours. And it has always been more or less misunderstood by men. Men refuse to acknowledge that the possibility of an unwanted pregnancy is a built-in constant of woman's life; that the awareness is with her daily, and certainly every month, from age twelve [sic. Sick] to age fifty." Unless, says our Aunt Maude, she's behaving herself.

■ We aren't sure what this is the ultimate in, but here goes: Ralph Franco, Chairman of the Anti-Defamation Committee of the Freeport, Long Island chapter of the Sons of Italy, is collecting signatures on a petition urging Hewit McDonald, an undertaker of Laurinburg, North Carolina, to bury an embalmed body believed to be that of an Italian immigrant carnival roustabout that's been on display for 61 years in a glass-topped coffin in McDonald's funeral parlor.

■ "Sigh. Groan. Fret, stew, fuss. Sigh, whimper. Moan? Gnash! Choke, sob, cavil. Groan; grumble-bitch. Seethe. Seethe, mutter. Seethe, fume, *boil.* RANT! RAVE! Snivel, threaten. Hiss! Quiver, bemoan. Sigh."

—G. McGovern, November 8, 1972

A La Recherche du Temps Perdu

"So Mr. Nixon has been the kind of President that everything in his earlier career had foreshadowed. Consider character assassination. In 1952, Mr. Nixon described Governor Stevenson as 'Adlai the appeaser.' In his first national campaign in 1952, Mr. Nixon was shown to be the beneficiary of a secret $18,000 fund. In the 1950s young Mr. Nixon was imitating Joe McCarthy . . ."

(William V. Shannon, *New York Times*, Sept. 22)

Since July, George McGovern has twice attacked President Nixon by likening him to Adolf Hitler. But this tactic is not just an ordinary smear. It is also a tip-off to a key facet of McGovern's outlook: how little his politics have changed from the formative years of the late Forties and early Fifties when he, McGovern, was an apologist for Russia, a supporter of Communist-backed 1948 presidential candidate Henry Wallace, and an opponent of the Marshall Plan and Korean War, and a man who often mimicked *Daily Worker* rhetoric with his attacks on "fascist-tinged minds" and "Hitler-types." All of those skeletons in McGovern's ideological closet can be documented by reference to South Dakota newspapers and the new biography *McGovern* by Robert S. Anson. I am amazed that the press has not dug more deeply into the record of 1943-1955 to understand and peg the George McGovern of 1972. For twenty years, Richard Nixon's early carrer has been muckraked by every liberal journalist who could grab a typewriter. His life from entering Congress in 1946 through the vice presidential years of the Fifties is an open book; in fact, it is about two dozen open books, a few friendly, more hostile, all revealing. George McGovern's early record, on the other hand, is hidden, and the American press is letting him get away with it.

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

George McGovern may be doing the Nixon Administration a favor with his attacks on the U.S.-Soviet wheat deal. His complaint is that large grain handlers by anticipating—perhaps with inside help—the billion-dollar sale could make windfall profits. But by focusing on intricate and hard-to-comprehend details McGovern is neglecting a politically potent and simple fact. By promoting a sale that drives up the price of wheat in America, and by promoting it with subsidies—U.S. tax dollars are being used to hold down the cost of the wheat to the Soviet Union—the government is fueling inflation at home and fighting inflation in the Soviet Union. One sardonic Washingtonian suggests that we owed the Soviet Union a generous wheat sale arrangement in return for the terrific deal the Soviet Union gave us in the strategic arms agreement. But seriously, folks, U.S. generosity has just begun to flow. Soon the Administration will be crowing about a vast trade agreement with the USSR. The agreement will involve a virtual write-off of the Soviet Union's old Lend-Lease debt. It also will grant the Soviet Union "most favored nation" (MFN) status—and that will provoke a row in Congress. MFN's exports enter the U.S. under special low tariffs. A number of senators, including Abraham Ribicoff (D., Conn.) and others who are ardent advocates of expanded international trade, and especially East-West trade, are going to insist that MFN status be denied until the Soviet Union drops its exorbitant "head-tax" and other harassments of Jews who want to emigrate to Israel. This will put the Administration in a bind as it tries to court, simultaneously, American Jews and an antisemitic government.

■ Mounting disgust with the politicization of the Olympic Games may save American taxpayers from a fleecing. A group of Colorado businessmen and politicians got the 1976 winter Olympics award for Denver, then invited Colorado and the Federal Government to pay a large chunk of the bill. But a strong Colorado anti-Olympics movement easily gathered enough signatures to get two referenda on the state and Denver ballots this November. The referenda would ban state and city spending for the Olympics. That would doom the Olympics—the federal contribution is currently set at more than $15 million. Actually, if the Games are held in Denver the federal contribution will be much larger. Olympics have worse cost overruns than weapons systems. The Denver Olympic Committee now says the Games will cost only $61 million, which represents several substantial upward revisions of earlier estimates. Japan spent $70 million just for the competition facilities at Sapporo and Japanese construction costs are lower than ours. Whatever the eventual cost, at some point Colorado will plead poverty, the Games will be too far along to cancel, and Uncle Sam will foot the bill in order to save our national honor. The Games already are being billed as a quasi-official part of the bicentennial celebration, which must puzzle the shades of Washington and Jefferson.

Fortunately, Los Angeles lost its bid to host the 1976 summer Games. Montreal won, setting the stage for nasty performances from the accomplished bombers and killers among the French Canadian separatists. Moscow is the leading contender for the 1980 summer Games, which will be a totalitarian propaganda feast along the lines of the 1936 Berlin Olympics—unless, that is, the U.S. Government sides with those who want to scrap the Games entirely.

■ Senate Minority Leader Hugh Scott of Pennsylvania is not up for re-election this November, but he is running hard for re-election in January when the GOP senators select their leaders for the 93rd Congress. Rumors persist that Scott is trying to direct special aid to those candidates who will commit themselves to supporting him. It is not clear who—if anyone—will challenge Scott but he is vulnerable. In January 1971 he defeated Howard Baker of Tennessee 23 to 20 with two senators absent. Two of Scott's supporters—John Sherman Cooper of Kentucky and Len Jordan of Idaho—are retiring. Conservative Republicans probably will succeed them and might support a challenger to Scott. In addition, if any of the Republicans running in North Carolina, Georgia, Alabama and New Mexico win, the potential anti-Scott constituency may expand. Then, too, the whole leadership scramble might be complicated by the defeat of GOP whip Robert Griffin of Michigan.

■ One of the worst kept secrets in Washington—not kept because House Minority Whip Les Arends (R., Ill.) does not care if it is kept—is that Arends enjoys tormenting Senator Charles Percy (R., Ill.). His latest enjoyment began when he heard that Percy wanted to help the campaign of his son-in-law Jay Rockefeller who is the Democratic candidate for governor of West Virginia. Arends promptly dispatched a letter to the other eleven Republican congressmen from Illinois innocently inquiring whether they would like to do something to help the campaign of their former House colleague Arch Moore who is Rockefeller's GOP opponent. Why, sure, they said, could a good Republican refuse? A good question. Someone should ask Percy.

—CATO

Is all of this relevant today? I think so. Although McGovern apparently is trying to hide his basic philosophy for the duration of the 1972 campaign, last year he carelessly told biographer Anson that he stuck by his 1948 convictions:

"I felt then as I do now that U.S. foreign policy was needlessly exacerbating tension with the Soviet Union . . . I liked what [Henry] Wallace had to say about foreign policy. I still think he was essentially right."

By and large, McGovern is trying to avoid public discussion of his activities in the late Forties and early Fifties. According to Anson, "McGovern's own feelings about Wallace are one of the few things he does not volunteer readily about his past . . . McGovern's campaign propaganda conveys the impression that his beliefs have never been anything except the most regular Democratic kind." McGovern was a delegate to the Communist-controlled Progressive Party Convention that nominated Henry Wallace for President in 1948, but stories differ on whether he voted for Wallace, or didn't vote. Now that McGovern is trying to play the role of loyal Democrat (after threatening to bolt the party as recently as early July) his 1948 activities ought to be a hot topic in the press. But they aren't.

If the American people are to have the same sort of career information about McGovern that they have about President Nixon, here are some investigative directions that the press should develop:

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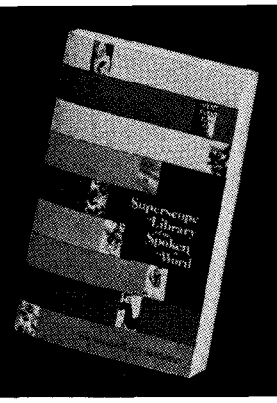

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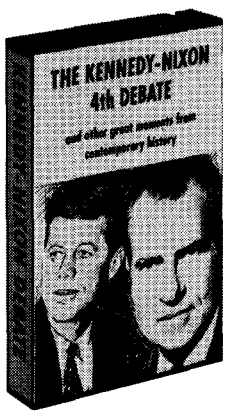

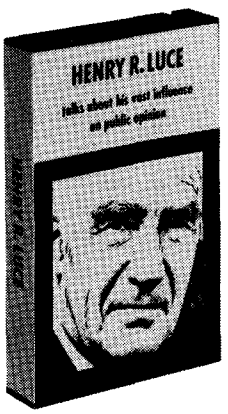

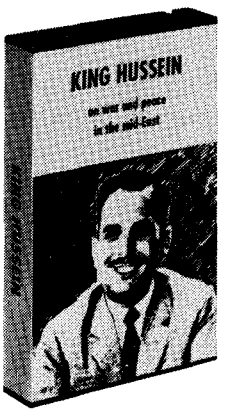

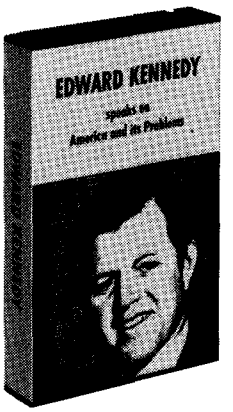

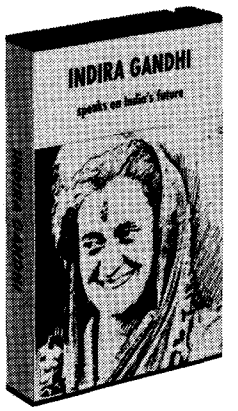

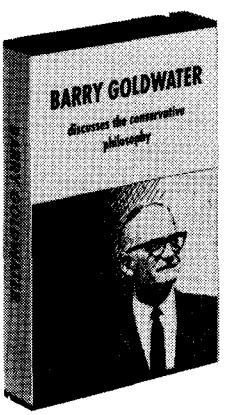

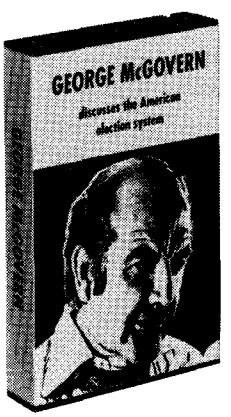

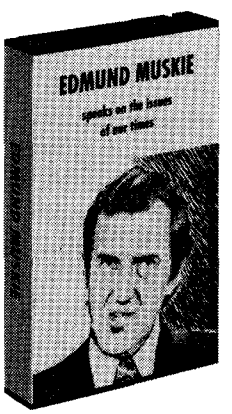

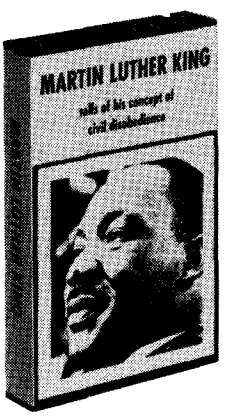

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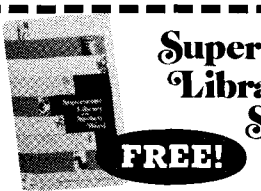

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McGovern's background as a religious zealot: At first, he trained for the ministry, and became an ardent disciple of German Walter Rauschenbusch, a turn-of-the-century Baptist theologian and left-wing "Social Gospel" exponent. During the 1940s, McGovern sometimes compared elements of Communism (as he now compares his own social philosophy) to the basic thrust of the Sermon on the Mount. Is this religious background a clue to McGovern's radical social policies?

McGovern's feeling toward Russia: In 1948 letters to his hometown newspaper, he blamed the Western allies for the way "heroic" Russia had been mistreated in World War II: He apologized for the Soviet takeover of Czechoslovakia and other countries; and he followed the Henry Wallace line in attacking President Truman's Marshall Plan (for rebuilding Europe) as an anti-Soviet plot. . . . A chronology and analysis of McGovern's attitude toward Russia is in order.

Did McGovern vote for 1948 presidential candidate Henry Wallace? Conflicting stories have been told, and the press ought to nail it down.

McGovern's left-wing memberships: Richard Nixon's affiliations are a matter of record, but there is no published list of the groups to which McGovern belonged during the Forties and Fifties.

McGovern's activities against the Korean War: In 1951, while U.S. soldiers were fighting in Korea, McGovern was making speeches opposing the war and calling for a ceasefire. The press ought to relate his position on Korea with his position on Vietnam.

McGovern's election year centrism: Whenever an election year comes round, McGovern changes his voting pattern, and acts the part of a centrist persecuted by false charges of "radicalism." In 1968, when he ran for re-election to the Senate, his ADA rating (a reliable index of left-liberal sympathy) fell from the mid-nineties to the low forties. Here again, the press has not caught on to his moderation as a long-standing McGovern tactic.

One hopes that as the campaign moves into high gear, Senator McGovern's personal history will get the same careful scrutiny as President Nixon's already has.

(Kevin Phillips, King Features)

Sayonara Taiwan

It was Premier Tanaka's turn to visit Peking last week. As *b* follows *a* so it was inevitable that Tanaka would, in turn, pay his state visit to Peking. Premier Sato had been knocked out of the ring by a double whammy administered by Japan's firmest ally, the United States: the Nixon visit to Peking (about which Sato had not been informed) and last fall's new U.S. foreign economic policy aimed in large part, if not wholly, at Japan. Sato, too closely allied with the old American policy—the diplomatic isolation of Mainland China—resigned. Tanaka took over and the delicate backing and filling that culminated in last week's ceremonial visit to the Middle Kingdom went on for months.

On the one hand, Japan sent officials to Taiwan to assure the Nationalists that, although they might very soon indeed be jilted, still they were loved. Japan would like nothing better than to retain the economic and cultural ties with Taiwan that have existed between the two nations for over twenty years. But not at the price of its own isolation, not if it meant that Japan would cut itself off from a potential market of 700 or 800 million when the rest of the world, following America's lead, was rushing to recognize Peking. What Japan has industrially is what China needs. And so the visit to apologize for Japan's past crimes against China and to ask for future friendship. One thing that President Nixon did, Premier Tanaka did not. He excused himself—he was too tired he said—to attend *The Red Detachment of Women* ballet, where, in one scene, Red Chinese soldiers use a caricature of Chiang Kai-shek for target practice.

The Smile on the Face of Plato

Christopher Jencks, the Harvard social scientist, has rediscovered a truth known to political philosophy at least since Plato: that you cannot begin to approach the "equality of opportunity" everyone is always talking about through, for example, education.

This revelation has traumatized the educational romanticists, i.e., most Americans, who habitually believe that better education means enhanced opportunity for everybody, and who reverently look to improvements in educational techniques to solve assorted social problems and correct visible inequalities.

Jencks and his eight-man team chose a modern idiom, statistics, and went to work with their computers on the data in the recent and massive Coleman Report. The conclusions, embodied in a new book by Mr. Jencks: Neither desegregation, nor pre-school programs, nor money spent on the school, nor the size of the class, nor anything else the schools have tried has much affected inequalities in what he calls "cognitive skills," or the ability to work with words and numbers, absorb informa-

Paging Ozymandias

In New York City's Central Park
Where no one ventures after dark,
An obelisk points toward the sky
That once watched Egypt ossify.
The obelisk survived the bands
Of vandals and their heavy hands.
It fought the sandstorms toe-to-toe;
It beat Napoleon & Co.
Then someone, for philanthropy,
Transported it to NYC.
Now other cultures like to sit
And scrawl their names all over it.

W. H. von Dreele

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tion and make logical inferences. The cognitive inequalities the children bring to school with them are merely solidified. Desegregation has a minimal effect on such cognitive skills, reducing a fifteen point inequality between white and black scores to about twelve.

But Jencks has another blockbuster for the educational romantics. There is not much correlation between cognitive skills and earning power later on.

The educational reformers have been operating on the assumption that better education would mean enhanced earning power for the poor, and so would narrow the gaps between black and white, rich and poor. As everyone knows, billions of dollars of federal money went into Great Society programs based on precisely that assumption. But, says Jencks, three-quarters of the variations in income depend upon luck and personality—"the ability to persuade a customer, to look a man in the eye without seeming to stare . . . to psych out what the boss wants and having enough control over your own personality to give it to him . . . chance acquaintances who steer you to one line of work rather than another."

Political philosophy, at least since Plato, has known that if you want to establish equality of opportunity you have to begin by abolishing that guarantor of inequality, the family. And you would have to control so many other factors that the pursuit of the goal becomes chimerical.

But Jencks himself hankers after another kind of equality. He thinks we ought to move toward equality of condition. And he has the courage of his analysis, sketched above. Since inequalities are the product of countless random factors, such as luck and personality—i.e., are inseparable from freedom—you can control those factors only to the extent that you limit freedom. Jencks bites the bullet: The government must do it, and he is a socialist. It is a revealing, even a classic demonstration. And Jencks ought to have a look at Plato's *Republic*.

Two Cheers for Alum Rock

The Alum Rock Union School District in California is the first public school system in the nation to experiment with the tuition voucher plan. The parents of every Alum Rock schoolchild are sent a "ticket" which can be used in the school of his choice. Upon enrollment, the ticket is forwarded by the school to the district, which reimburses the school.

The voucher system is working well in Alum Rock. It has not, as its liberal critics predicted it would, served as a means of effecting covert segregation: The racial mixture in local schools is what it was last year—50 per cent Mexican-American, 40 per cent white, 10 per cent black. Nor have students become segregated along economic lines. Poor students, who receive compensatory vouchers—free school lunches etc.—are in fact *more*, rather than less, desirable to the schools—they bring more money. The level of education has been sustained and in many cases improved. Relying as they do on students for money, educators have inaugurated new and varied courses to attract the children. One fine arts program uses sheet music to teach mathematics.

The Alum Rock experiment is not definitive. The vouchers do not yet apply to private schooling. Making poor children more desirable as students does not necessarily educate them better, and sheet music may prove a lousy way to learn math. But for the first time, parents who rely on public education have a choice of where and how their children are taught and the schools must therefore perform. Besides, it's hard to argue with project director Joe Levin. "Vouchers," he says, "are a free-enterprise system, where you have a choice. It's almost classic Adam Smith economics." Almost, and in the right direction.

The EPI Complex

Back in 1960, the retiring Ike wished to say something memorable upon his exit from the White House, something, for instance, along the lines of George Washington's Farewell Address, but, being a busy man, he was not able to come up with something memorable himself, so he turned to speechwriter Malcolm Moos for help. Moos cogitated for a while, and came up with the Military-Industrial Complex, against the machinations of which we are to be eternally vigilant.

Now Rep. Edith Green, the highest-ranking Democrat on the House Education and Labor Committee, has discerned another Complex, complete with its own cost overruns, boondoggles, program duplication, noncompetitive contracting, profiteers, con men, publicists, congressional flacks, lobbyists, opaque bookkeeping, obfuscating jargon and so on. She calls it the Education-Poverty-Industrial Complex, and, baby, it's costing us taxpayers billions.

It seems that a symbiotic relationship has grown up between the "expert," real or feigned, who is usually, but not always, located in the academy, and assorted national "problems" in the education and poverty areas. A veritable New Class of operators, some of them legit but many not, has come into being to do something about the problems, and meanwhile make a pile of money out of them.

McGovern's Impossible Dream

When Birnam Wood meets Dunsinane;
When Billy Graham gets profane;
When Bobby Fischer mutters "thanks";
When Scarlett learns to love the Yanks;
When Coca-Cola fails to fizz,
Then Michigan will wind up his.

W. H. von Dreele

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In an article in the Summer 1972 issue of *The Public Interest*, Rep. Green reveals some of her findings. The federal Office of Education, she notes, is a huge enterprise, disbursing over $5 billion annually. Other federal agencies are also active in the poverty and education areas. The result, says Rep. Green, is that "we have entered the era of the large-scale education industry, complete with all the excesses that often appear in a burgeoning big business. . . . What I have learned has not been encouraging. Studies made at my request by my staff and by the General Accounting Office have revealed serious irregularities in numerous areas. Over and over again, we have found educators enriching themselves at public expense through sizable consulting fees, often for work for which there is no record at all. Over and over again, we have found educators using public funds for research projects that have turned out to be esoteric, irrelevant, and often not even research. . . . Over and over, a project would be escalated into a far bigger activity than originally proposed or planned, with vast additional funds being allocated by OE through a non-competitive, non-reviewed amendment procedure rather than through the normal process of funding approval." In the academy, the race to the Big Trough is on. Rep. Green notes "the rampant commercialism that threatens to dominate the educational scene."

All of which throws a rather garish light on one meaning of the demand that we "reorder our priorities," which echoes and re-echoes—where else?—across the nation's campuses. If $5 billion a year for the Office of Education is good, why, $10 billion would be twice as good. For this perspective, each of our problems—education, race relations, ecology, poverty and what have you—is also, and very concretely, a happy problem, opening up to the EPI Complexer ever greater amounts of public money.

Nor is it unrelated to this phenomenon that the New Class this year has thrown up its own presidential candidate, who calls, incessantly, for a "reordering of our priorities." Indeed, the politician who depicts a problem as desperate, perhaps even mortal, is exceeded in value only by the politician who discovers an entirely new and previously unheard of problem. The latter is a veritable Columbus of the Education-Poverty-Industrial Complex, and the certain recipient of carloads of Honorary Degrees.

NOTES & ASIDES

Buckley v. Vidal, Esquire

John Kenneth Galbraith
Harvard University
Cambridge

June 6, 1969

Dear Bill:

I wonder if your would allow a friendly, puzzled note? Can I assure you I have nothing more in mind. I would think this libel suit [you have filed against Gore Vidal] would be costly and most unwise. Most judges are going to come rather reluctantly to your side. This is not for ideological reasons—although there are liberal judges—but because you are at least thought to describe others with a certain candor and vigor. However unfair the reference you start with a handicap.

Additionally, don't you have a stake—as I do—in the feeling that there is much one can say without fear of the courts? Maybe it is worth a bad word now and then.

Do you have some deep design here I do not grasp? Otherwise I would foresee much grief to slight result. Yours faithfully,

Ken

June 26, 1969

Dear Kenneth:

Believe me, I do very much appreciate your letter on the inadvisability of suing Vidal. It raises implicitly two points, the one, Ought anyone to sue for libel; the second, Is the Vidal suit, assuming the answer is yes, to be one of them?

On the first point I am reminded of that electric moment in the Nivens' cellar four years ago when you and I were discussing my impending departure to battle with Linus Pauling. You sat back and said, Isn't it possible that Hugo Black is correct, that we shouldn't have *any* libel laws? Jackie Kennedy interrupted her conversation with David to say, "Oh no, Ken. You have to have the laws. Otherwise people begin saying things, and before you know, IT happens, and little children clap their hands in school." That isn't sufficient explanation for JFK's assassination, and in any case there are fallacies in the line of reasoning a-plenty, but I think the lady's intuition is correct: you have got to have libel laws, or else IT can happen.

Now, on the second point, the inside story. I wrote a (non-libelous, by everyone's admission) piece on the whole Vidal episode, which I shall be sending you in a few weeks (it will appear in August *Esquire*). Vidal went into a high pitch of fagwrath and responded with a piece of such filth and venom as would have persuaded the average reader that where I belonged was in the dock at Nuremberg. *Esquire* of course declined to print it, and he howled off announcing he would print it elsewhere. That is when I moved. I sued, and wrote

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to prominent publishers informing them that I should be given an opporunity to confute such charges as were being spread about by V against me and my family, before they published them. The legal reference was directed to *Butts* v. *Satevepost*, in which the Supreme Court ruled that precisely the *SEP*'s failure to permit Butts to give evidence on his side even after Butts requested the opportunity to give it, deprived the editors of the protections of *Sullivan* v. *New York Times*; i.e., here was proof that by going ahead with the story, the editors proceeded in reckless disregard of the available facts.

At a more general level, one doesn't give up the resources of the law when (this will sound stuffy) one's case is in some way symbolic. If it can be said of me that I am a crypto-Nazi, then it can be said about every vigorous American conservative. Add to it, also, that Vidal sought to revive ancient and slanderous charges against my family, never mind that they had nothing whatever to do with me. So that is how it is. I hope that after reading my article, you will understand more fully the human element of the thing.

Tell me, why do you people put up with V?

And finally, my piece will be worth reading if only because it will give wider currency to the imperishable judgment of the reviewer for TLS who wrote that *Myra Breckenridge* was obviously intended as allegory, but that after finishing it one concludes that it is less *Paradise Lost*, than *The Golden Ass* penetrated.

I am grateful to you. Yours faithfully,

Bill

August 12, 1969

Dear Bill:

I should say that I do not know Gore Vidal especially well. I thought his book on Washington was on the whole better than the reviews and my few encounters with him have been interesting. He was sharp in repartee and otherwise pleasant.

Your *Esquire* piece, as always, is lively, with great aptness of reference and research. And in spite of the incredible length, it is very interesting. But it lacks plausibility for reasons that I have previously mentioned at least in part. You are talking about a staged row between two highly experienced controversialists. If you had encountered Vidal at either of the Conventions and had fallen into a quarrel, political, personal, or otherwise, you could persuasively seek support for your case. And even though you initiated hostilities, which to a surprising number of people would seem plausible, you would be listened to with interest and possibly even concern.

But this was a *staged* battle. That was ABC's intention when they engaged you. And there is a *further* and devastating weakness in your case when you concede that you first *refused* and then accepted Vidal. Obviously you accepted a risk of which you were aware. You are in the position of a man who sees the warning signs at the crossing, drives in front of the train and then complains about the locomotive. No amount of literary skill can evoke support. You do well but not well enough.

None of this is excessively encouraging. But it forces me to urge my point. As entertainment you perhaps could pursue this controversy. As an issue of justice you simply cannot. That holds especially for the courts. I am reacting, needless to say, in purely practical terms. Were you the literary cynosure of the SDS my advice would not be different except as I might suppose your instinct for self-preservation to be less developed. Yours faithfully,

Ken

August 25, 1969

Dear Ken:

How strange to hear from your lips so dogmatically stated the old bourgeois maxim, *caveat emptor*. Your analogy of the locomotive is strained. Here is one that suits the situation. If I have reason to suspect that a casino is crooked but nevertheless patronize it and lose my shirt, is it then inconsistent that I should go to the courts and complain of the casino's practices? Obviously not. And anyway, lifting the thing out of the legal point, what am I to make of people of fastidious standards reading what I documented about the behavior of Vidal, and continuing to tolerate him? When you happen on an answer to that one, let me have it, as I find myself short, and have never doubted you are more resourceful than I in such a matter as this, as in so many others. As ever,

Bill

September 3, 1969

Dear Bill:

Many thanks for yours of August 25. I am willing to accept your analogy. The courts are certain to be less sympathetic to a gambler who gets cheated than an ordinary citizen who loses his shirt in the course of honest employment. And so it is with a professional polemicist. I am concerned with this, not on any political grounds, and certainly not to defend Gore Vidal. I urge you only as a friend—one who differs politically but is not, I think, inexpert in handling matters of this kind. It is the kind of issue which will take a great deal of time, quite possibly involve you in much anguish, require money if that is important, and for a very narrow recompense if any at all.

As to Gore Vidal's rebuttal, which I have read, I must say I did not like it. I especially cringed at the stuff at the end. As to my indulging Gore Vidal it is hardly, to use your phrase, a blood brotherhood. I have not seen him for something over a year. But I think I will continue to adhere to the rule of indulging almost everyone who indulges me. And if that sounds a bit pompous, as it undoubtedly does, it is nonetheless easier that way. Yours faithfully,

Ken

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P.S. I wrote the above before reading your telling account of the incident in the (more or less) current *NR*. The letter is persuasive enough to give me a second thought. But I would still plead against—for your sake. The courts are not for those who live by the pen but use it as a sword.

September 10, 1969

Dear Ken:

Well now, we are making progress. If one is a professional gambler—mind you, an honest professional gambler in the analogy we are so painstakingly constructing—does he lose his right to protest against the rigged casino? Clearly not. I think what you are saying is that a jury will prove less sympathetic to such a man, which point I cede you, provided I have from you in return the concession that whatever risks I run at the hands of a jury drawn from the lists of New York County, that risk I ought not to run when being judged by a jury of my peers. I am prepared to proceed through life unembittered if, let us say, the jury grants me ten dollars' damage, I having run up a lawyer's fee in six figures. I will not forget it however if the clerisy indulge themselves in the excuse that they cannot bother with it since after all we are dealing with two controversialists. I have demonstrated that, at least in his dealings with me, Vidal has proved himself contemptible, a dogged liar, a foul human being. And I think you may yet be surprised by what the jury does. Just possibly. I have working against me one thing, I grant. It is that three years hence when the trial takes place, the word "Nazi" may have become totally etiolated, causing the jury to wonder that anyone should particularly care about having been so designated. If that is the case I shall be left with nothing more than an expensive footnote in my autobiography, pointing to the irony that it was a conservative who struggled to regulate the use of a word so as to immure within it some sense of the hideousness of Hitler. You have been very generous with your time in discussing this affair, so don't read this letter as demanding an answer. As ever,

Bill

September 29, 1969

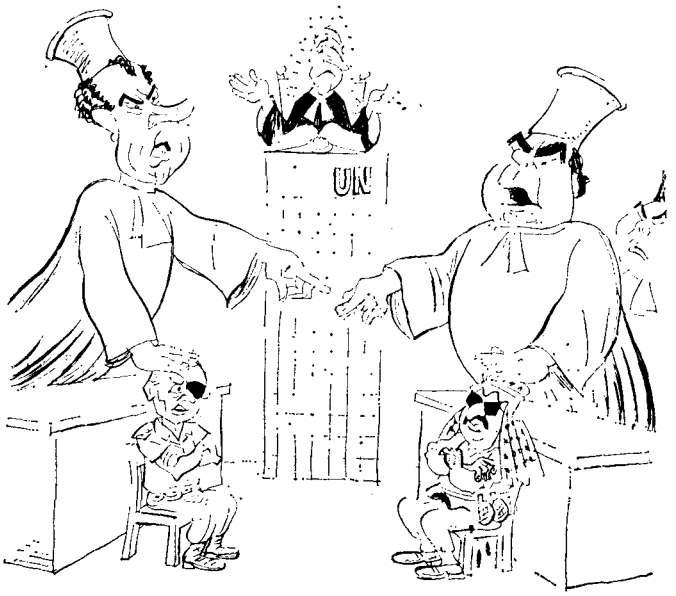
Dear Bill:

Your last letter puts a slightly different color on the matter. I have a natural aversion to the courts. And for me the mental even more than the financial anguish would be strongly adverse. You are obviously more nearly immune on both counts—and as one with a compulsive and reprehensible addiction to principle, I can hardly take exception to your defending a principle. So I end up wishing you well. Yours faithfully,

Ken

September 25, 1972

STATEMENT BY WM. F. BUCKLEY JR. CONCERNING DISPOSITION OF LIBEL SUITS AGAINST ESQUIRE INC. AND GORE VIDAL.



Punch Ben Roth Agency

"The court, being powerless, is adjourned . . ."

Mr. William F. Buckley Jr. issued the following statement in New York City this afternoon:

In September 1969, *Esquire* published a libelous article about me written by Gore Vidal, notwithstanding repeated warnings that if it did so, I would proceed against *Esquire* in the courts.

I proceeded to file suit in the federal court for the Southern District of New York against *Esquire*, as I had done against Vidal. Vidal in turn filed suit against me.

The court has dismissed Vidal's suit against me as being without merit.

The same court has now sustained my suit against *Esquire* and correlatively against Vidal, by ruling that notwithstanding recent Supreme Court decisions, Vidal's article was defamatory, and the case would have to go to trial.

Having lost its motion, *Esquire* has agreed to publish in its November issue a full statement totally disavowing the views of Vidal. And has agreed to compensate me for the legal expenses involved in bringing about a judicial determination satisfactory to me. One hundred and fifteen thousand dollars is the cash value of the settlement.

Having disposed of Vidal's lawsuit against me, I am instructing my attorneys to take the necessary steps to discontinue my action against him, to avoid the time and expense of a trial. In the long period between the publication of the libel and the disavowal of it by *Esquire*, I have learned that Vidal's opinions of me are of little concern to the public. *A fortiori*, they should be of little concern to me now that the publishers have disavowed them. Let his own unreimbursed legal expenses, estimated at seventy-five thousand dollars, teach him to observe the laws of libel. I hope it will not prove necessary to renew the discipline in future years. There are limits even to my charity.

—WFB

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Notes on Terrorism

THE PERPLEXITIES that enmesh the problem of terrorism begin with the matter of definition. What exactly do we mean by "terrorism"? How does it differ from "violence"? Just who is a "terrorist"? Is there a specifiable difference between a terrorist and a gangster, or between a terrorist and a criminal who uses or threatens violence in conjunction with a mugging, robbery or kidnaping? Does terrorism always include physical violence or is there such a thing as "psychological terror"? Is a distinction to be drawn between terrorist acts by an outlaw group and acts similar in nature done by a government?

The use of the words "terror," "terrorism" and "terrorist" in the sense we have presumably in mind when applying them to the Black September Olympics incident dates back only to the French Revolution. "*Terrorism*: A system of terror. 1. Government by intimidation, as directed and carried out by the party in power in France during the Revolution of 1789-1794; the system of the 'terror' (1793-1794). 2. *gen.* A policy intended to strike with terror those against whom it is adopted; the employment of methods of intimidation. . . . *Terrorist*. 1. As a political term: a. Applied to the Jacobins and their agents and partisans in the French Revolution, esp. to those connected with the Revolutionary tribunals during the 'Reign of Terror.'" For these definitions, OED's earliest examples are 1795, and for the extension of the meaning of "terrorist," the earliest is 1886: "b. Anyone who attempts to further his views by a system of coercive intimidation."

For both theory and practice, there would seem to be advantages in restricting the definition of "terrorism," along these OED lines, to "coercive intimidation" involving "policy" or "system"—classifying it, that is to say, as a form of political activity. Thus a criminal acting from purely private motives (gain, revenge, passion) or an insane person would not be a terrorist even if he used violence. On this basis some aircraft hijackings are terrorist acts but some (including many U.S. hijackings) are not.

The practical importance of the distinction is this: Dealing with violent criminal acts, however difficult in special cases, is a police function. But dealing with violent political acts, even though police work may be involved, is fundamentally a political problem, and a function of government.

Many comments on the Munich terrorists referred to them as "barbarians." The term is inexact: fanatics in most cases, certainly, but not barbarians. From the French Revolution on, *political* terrorists, or at least the leading figures among them, have usually been well-educated, high-IQ children of good families. (The IRA, with its deep roots in both history and the masses, is a partial exception.) This holds for the Palestinian terrorist groups (many of whose leaders have graduate degrees from the American University in Beirut) just as for the Uruguayan Tupamaros, the Brazilian followers of Marighella, the West German Baader-Meinhoff and Turkish Dev-Genc groups, and our own Weathermen; just as it held for the Russian nineteenth-century terrorists and the Zionist terror groups of 1946-1948—Haganah, Irgun Zvai Leumi and the Stern gang. In fact, this elitist character of political terrorism is an obvious feature distinguishing it from outwardly similar criminal activity.

AFTER EACH spectacular terrorist operation we are told that terrorism is "senseless" and against the interests of "all mankind." Since "everyone is against it," everyone must get together to put an end to it. But in the event, everyone never succeeds in getting together.

The reason is that those who are against terrorism are in reality considerably fewer than everybody; even among the majority that undoubtedly *is* against it, there are differences about how high a price it is worth paying to suppress terrorism.

Though it is impossible to eliminate the Mad Bomber, psychotic-assassin type of violence, there are ways in which political terrorism could be much reduced. Two measures, for example, would go a long way: an international agreement denying sanctuary to terrorists and a universal understanding that no publicity (beyond the barest mention for the record) would be given to acts of terrorism. The trouble with the first is that those who look like terrorists to you may seem like Freedom Fighters to me; and besides I may in any case dislike any outside interference in my bailiwick. And the second could not be enforced without an abandonment of freedom of the press.

Assume that on any given airline flight the chance of being hijacked is one in 100,000 (the chance of being hijacked by political terrorists is actually less than that). These are pretty good odds. It could be argued that the measures being taken against air hijacking are already too costly—in terms of inconvenience, time wasted, and interference with personal freedom as well as of money—for the risk.

Also disturbing: There is much evidence that an effective campaign against terrorism must itself be terrorist at least in some degree. Colonel Robert Trinquier stopped the FLN terror in the city of Algiers, but only with the help of terrorist measures. In Uruguay the Tupamaro terror is apparently being brought under control, but only since the army took over the police (thus confirming that terrorism is not an "ordinary crime") and, it is generally believed, made use of limited terrorist measures of its own. The Israelis replied to the Munich terrorism by conducting terrorist raids into Lebanon and, in effect, making the entire populations of Lebanon and Syria hostage.

The Soviet government seems to have solved the problem of terrorism in a country that was often in the past noted for terrorist deeds. The Soviet solution is the same as for other economic and social activities: Terrorism has been made a state monopoly. As trade-off, that, too, may be too high a price to pay. □

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A revolutionary suggestion: Why not cut corporation taxes instead of raising them as George McGovern would, speed depreciation schedules and take other steps to encourage American capital, at least, to come home

The Continuing Superstitions

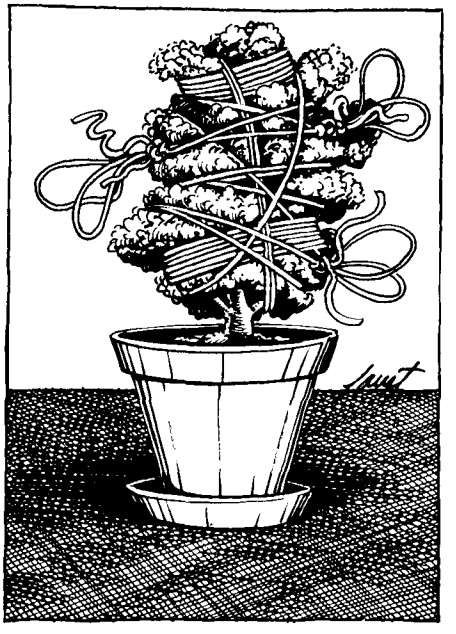
C. LOWELL HARRISS

MISCONCEPTIONS are abroad in the land. In the supposed interest of the "common man," politicians propose to raise taxes (already too high) so as to make business ("them") pay its "fair share" (it already does, and then some) and take much of the burden off the individual taxpayer ("us"—but we'll pay more than ever). Almost half—$9.4 billion a year—of the tax increases proposed by Senator McGovern on August 29, for instance, would be imposed on businesses, chiefly on corporations. Almost all of the remainder would fall on capital gains and thus, somewhat indirectly, reduce the capital available to industry. Other proposals embodied in various tax reform programs advanced this year would hit businesses in other ways. That such antibusiness tax suggestions are endorsed seriously, and not rejected as a matter of course, bodes ill.

The Nixon Administration is downright defensive about tax relief for corporations as against individuals. And Senator McGovern is only one of many influential members of Congress proposing to hit business harder. If they had their way, they would worsen what is already a bad feature of the tax system. As another round of tax reform seems probable, we should use it to improve the economy, not to make matters worse. The best way to do this is to lower, not raise, taxes on business.

In advocating a reduction of business taxes, an economist may seem to be crying in the wilderness—and yet he may be right. What now seems to be the conventional attitude toward corporation taxes is not in fact wisdom but folly.

Present business taxes burden *us*—as consumers, as workers and as suppliers of capital. They burden us more than



we know—and needlessly. Not needlessly in the sense that federal and state governments could get along without the $38 billion or so of revenue (annual rate, mid-1972—$180 for every man, woman and child in the country) but needlessly in the sense that the *real* burdens are heavier than necessary primarily because of the methods used to extract dollars from the public.

The corporation income tax is much too complicated to describe here—that's one of its defects. If we had room to sketch its history over the past seventy years, we should learn that much of what we have today has resulted from accidents, faulty economic understanding, temporizing, political expediency and other less-than-praiseworthy forces.

The federal tax rate on the earnings of equity capital (ownership as distinguished from debt) is 48 per cent. State taxes usually add more than 2 per cent net. Over 50 per cent, then, is the total tax rate which "at the margin" bears significantly on business decisions: on whether to do this or that; how to finance; where to set prices; whether to operate here or abroad.

Why Not 50 Per Cent?

The actual average rate of taxation, however, is considerably less than 50 per cent of profit as reported to stockholders. Some politicians profess to be deeply upset by this. Corporations, they cry, are not paying their "fair share." "Fairness" aside, there are reasons for the shortfall.

1) The federal rate on the first $25,000 of earnings is not 48 per cent but 22 per cent. Most corporations (four out of five), being small, pay no more than this. One of the largest of what the politicians call "tax subsidies" or "tax preferences"—$2 billion a year—results from just this aid to small corporations.

2) The investment tax credit—which originated as a key element in President Kennedy's program to get the country moving again—permits up to 7 per cent of certain outlays for new machinery to be credited against tax.

3) Depreciation deducted for tax purposes can be greater than that reported to stockholders.

4) Some companies receive dividends from income taxed to other corporations; generally in such cases only 15 per cent will be subject to a second corporation tax.

5) A company that has had losses

Mr. Harriss is a professor of economics at Columbia and an economic consultant of Tax Foundation Inc.

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in earlier years may use them to offset some of this year's income.

6) Some corporations (banks, for example) get tax-free interest from state and local bonds.

7) Some companies realize capital gains (subject to lower rates) or,

8) Own natural resources which qualify for depletion deductions that are larger for tax purposes than for accounting to stockholders.

9) Finally, corporations with earnings abroad can generally credit foreign income taxes against the United States tax.

Are these not respectable rather than reprehensible reasons why the average tax rate falls below 48 per cent? Our answers may differ from one feature to another. But we might remember that in 1971 corporations (excluding the twelve Federal Reserve Banks) *did* report $30 billion of federal tax on $76 billion of profit (before tax and inventory valuation adjustment).

Another superficially dramatic fact is used to reinforce the impression that the corporation income tax is riddled with "loopholes"; 40 per cent of corporations pay no federal income tax at all. Why? Simply because they have losses, not profits. That is too bad—for proprietors, investors, employees, consumers; in short, bad for people. For employees, shareholders and bondholders the lack of earnings, if prolonged, can verge on the tragic.

Taxes Are Taxes

Political palaver about "making business pay" ought not to distract from the human truth—the "people" aspect of corporations. The corporation tax *is* a "people" tax—and not only because all taxes ultimately fall on all of us. The corporation tax has additional human dimensions.

It affects jobs. Most of us want good, secure jobs. Where are they likely to be found? For the majority of us, in corporations. And jobs in successful enterprises are better in any number of ways than jobs in unsuccessful enterprises.

Everyone wants products and services of good quality at low price. We must turn to corporations—for mining ore, finding oil, manufacturing medicines or trucks, operating supermarkets or utilities, servicing bank accounts. Sensible social policy would seek to help business do its work most efficiently. Taxes do not help, they hurt.

As consumers we expect more and better products from corporations as they develop better technology. In terms of input per unit of output these methods can be more or less efficient. A market economy relies primarily upon competition to induce efficiency—and to stimulate growth.

Do taxes on corporation earnings help the community to get the output most desired? They don't. Taxes on business earnings tell managers nothing about the relative scarcities and productivities of input. But such taxes *do* affect the alternatives which a manager must consider.

A business, in fact, may have to adopt methods that in terms of the use of resources are definitely second best. Taxes at high rates can induce the manager to redirect the firm's activities, away from what is fundamentally most efficient. Consumers then receive less value for their money.

People, as suppliers of capital, are affected by taxes on corporation earnings. Naturally, we want good earnings on invested savings; a 50 per cent tax certainly drives a wedge between what customers pay for the product the shareholder's capital made possible, and what the shareholder himself ultimately gets.

Capital is not something remote or intangible, the other fellow's worry. More and better capital facilities are vital to improve levels of living—especially for jobs good enough to support the wage rates Americans expect. One good job will often involve more than $25,000 in capital. *Fortune*'s 1972 survey of the five hundred largest corporations reports that the median of assets per employee for all industries was $26,000—and $23,000 for the second five hundred. Through the years ahead the labor force will grow by more than thirty thousand a week; lots of capital will be needed to equip them. And more and better capital facilities have a crucial role in improving the earning capacity (productivity) of the 73 million now at work (outside government).

The buyer of a corporate product pays a price. Because of the tax, however, less than the total price is available to workers, shareholders and other suppliers. Who *really* bears the corporation income tax? And in what form is it paid—as higher prices for shoes or hamburgers or telephone service? As lower wages for corporate employees? Or as smaller returns on invested savings? We cannot know for certain. Is it not foolish to impose a tax which to a significant extent may burden people in ways we would deplore? If we do not know, really, who is worse off, and by how much, would it be sensible to suggest that we replace this with one that falls where we want it to?

When a national tax on value added (VAT) was suggested as a replacement for part of the property tax for schools, vociferous opposition to "sales taxation" arose. Where is the corresponding condemnation of corporate taxation? Part of corporation tax is reflected in higher retail prices; thus the corporation tax is a hidden sales tax. If 40 per cent of the federal corporation income tax now becomes a part of prices paid by consumers (a not unreasonable assumption), then this de facto sales tax was nearly $13 billion in mid-1972, about the total amount so vehemently criticized when suggested for the valued-added tax.

Where Are the Profits?

For an example closer to home, income taxes paid by regulated public utilities—one-eighth of the total—presumably become a part of the price paid for electricity, gas, telephone and other services. The Bell System's 1971 federal income tax (not including excise tax) was around $1.20 per telephone per month.

If the tax on corporation income were reduced, say, by $20 billion (to be made up by $20 billion at the personal level), business management might wish to keep all the benefits for stockholders and pass none along to the public at large. But the forces of competition are powerful. With tax costs lower, managers would have an opportunity to enlarge sales and profit by lowering prices. Some changes would come slowly, others quickly. Ultimately, competition would shift the benefits to consumers.

Not all of today's tax on business income becomes higher consumer prices. Some of the burden rests on suppliers of capital, who get less in dividends and capital gains (and even interest) than they would if the tax were lower. In addition, (except on the first $100) the shareholder must pay personal income tax on the dividends he receives. Profits not distributed as dividends—after-tax earnings retained in the corporation—add to the value of shares; so the shareholder will pay a second tax when he realizes a capital gain from selling his shares.

Corporation earnings bear a heavier tax (per dollar of income produced),

(Continues on page 1123)

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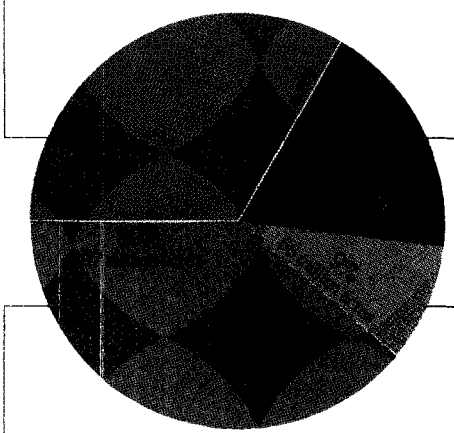

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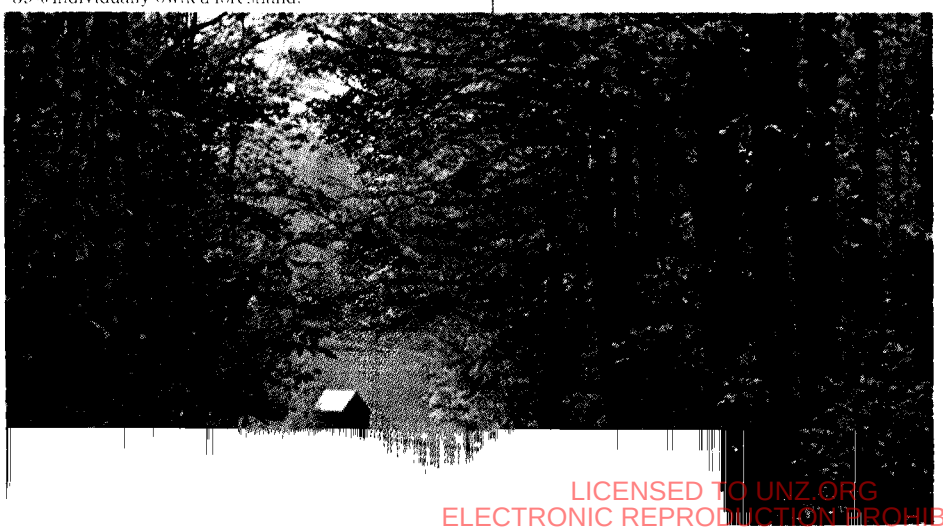

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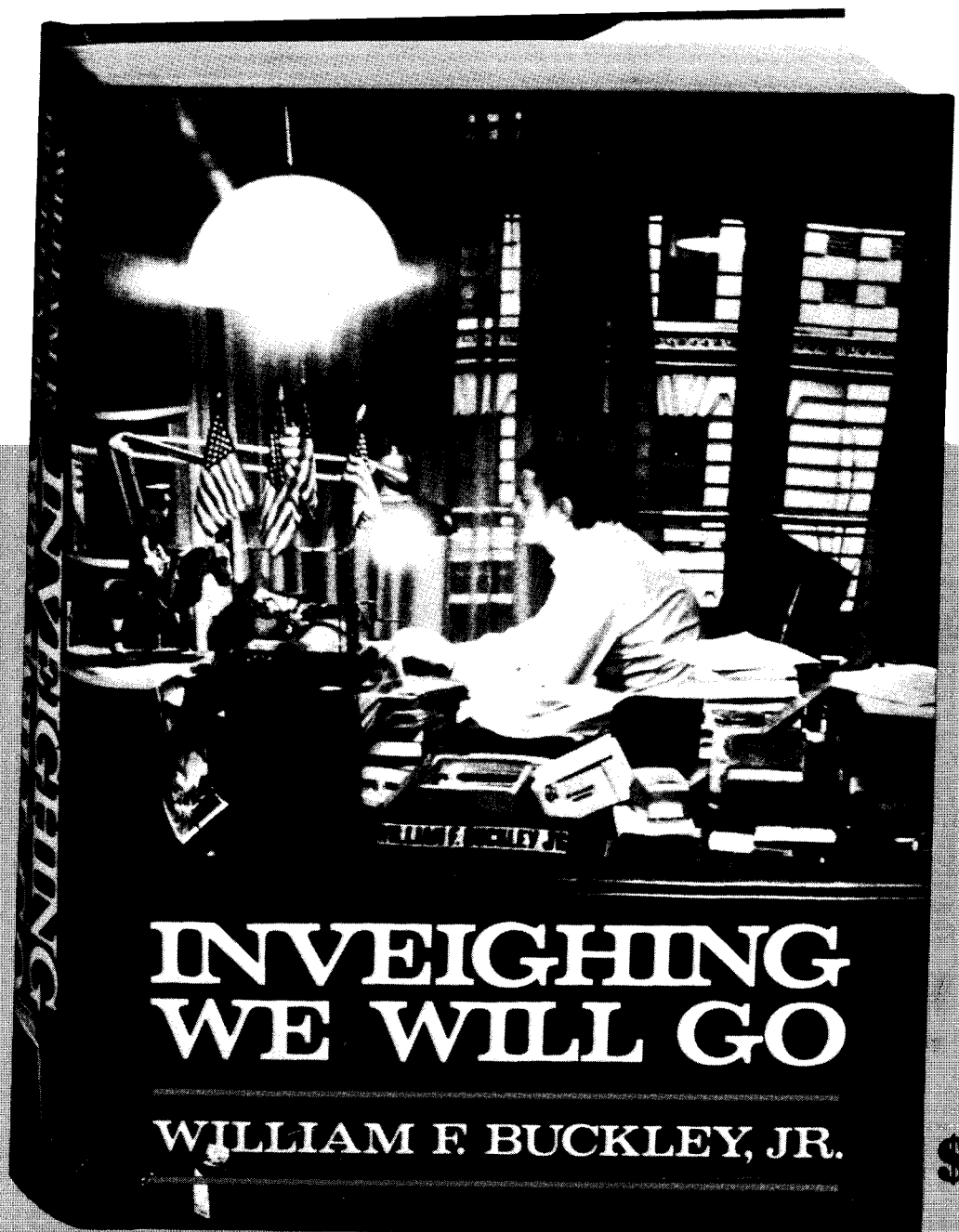

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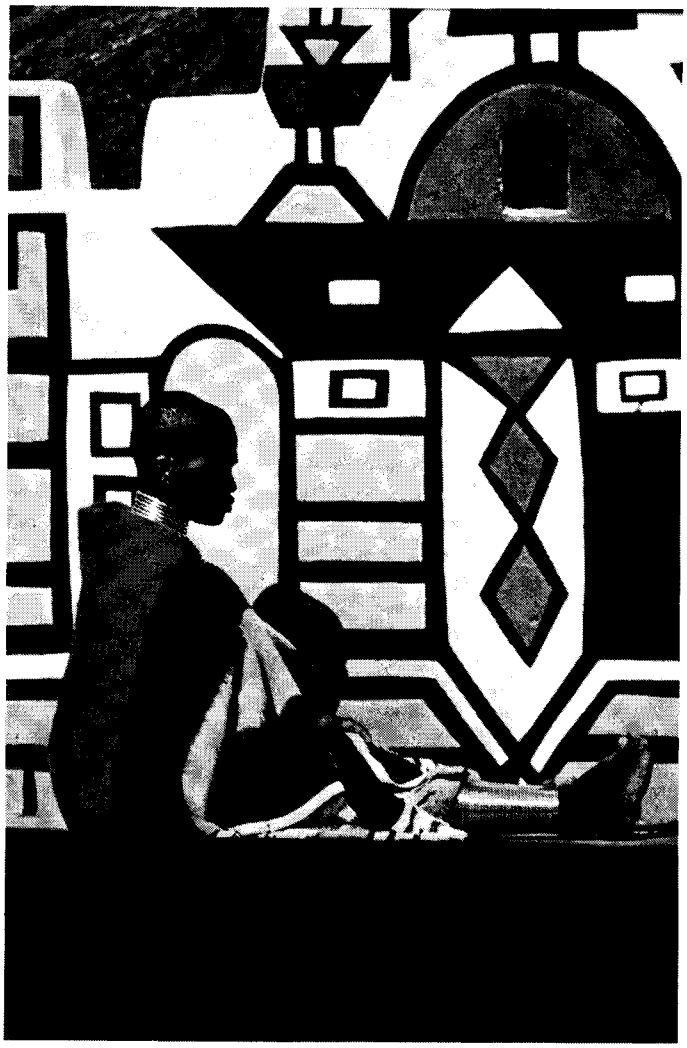

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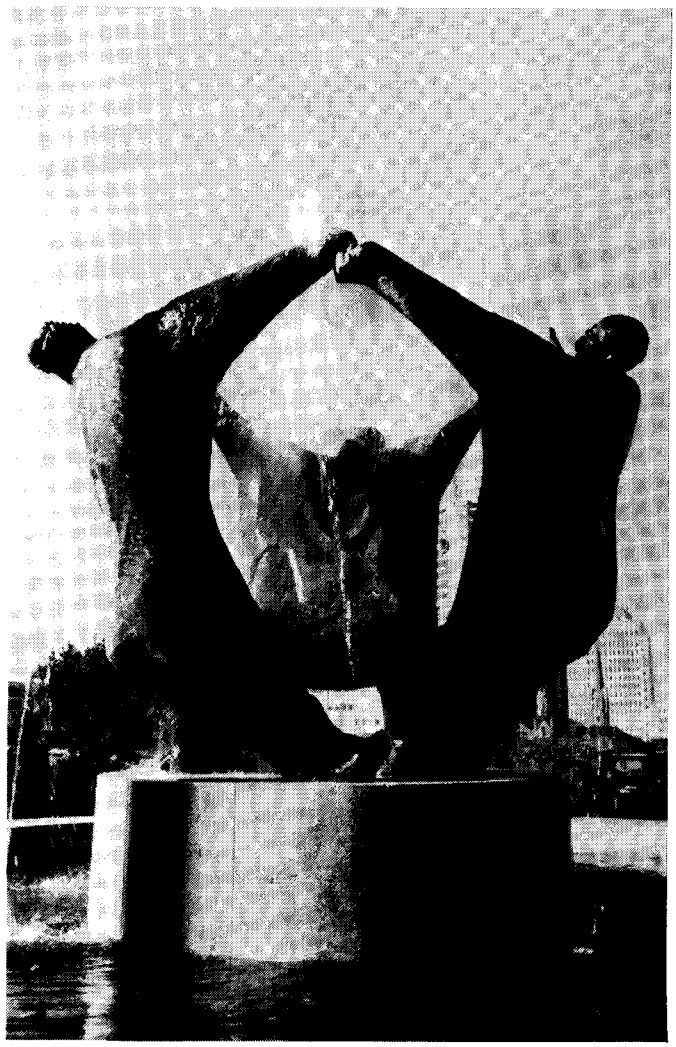

The women artists of the N'deble village have created abstract, geometric murals on the walls of their houses with masterly precision. There's something about the broad, bold strokes and the bright, rich colors that has been an inspiration to artists like Picasso, Leger and Modigliani.

And the beadwork and blankets these women weave capture the same primitive spirit found in their paintings.

This fascinating village is just a short ride from Pretoria. And, as is the case with most South African art, you won't have to look *for* it to look *at* it. It's part of the scenery.

There are, of course, museums that contain great paintings and sculpture, but you can see the work of Coert Steynberg in public squares.

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often much heavier, than income of other types. No other income is taxed first at a corporation rate of around 50 per cent and then at the individual's own personal tax rate.

What results are to be expected? The law of supply and demand tells us that to the extent that corporation taxes reduce returns on investment, the flow of new capital funds to finance corporate growth will be reduced. Equally significant, the income from capital is part of the source from which new capital can be accumulated. Corporations plow back part of their after-tax earnings into modernization and expansion. If earnings are insufficient, corporate stagnation may result. Taxes that cut dividend income also reduce saving and capital formation.

To make matters worse, corporations are often taxed on profits that simply aren't there. The supermarket, the repair shop and the hospital are not the only places where inflation is a fact of life. Machinery also costs more (after allowing for improvements in quality). The "producer-finished goods" item of the Wholesale Price Index in mid-1972 was 20 per cent over 1967. The capital stock that serves industry now must be replaced—at a higher, and steadily rising, prices. Yet in figuring current expenses, the tax laws (and also generally accepted accounting principles) require business to use "historical [i.e., original] cost"—figures demonstrably out of date—rather than replacement cost. Costs are understated and profits are overstated. Taxes in a *real* sense are higher than the law intends. Moreover, the pace of technological change may have speeded obsolescence at a rate higher than many businesses—and the tax laws—recognize.

Accelerated depreciation, it is said, may bring some crude adjustment to this inequity. No more than 100 per cent of historical cost may be charged as expense, but if dollars of capital (depreciation) are recovered earlier than in some sense "accurate"—e.g., in 1972 instead of 1974—the dollars have less time to lose purchasing power before being used to replace facilities at inflated prices. The Asset Depreciation Range, which Sen. McGovern is urging Congress to repeal, may really deserve special praise because it offsets some of the inadequacy of "historical cost." Cutting tax rates would help to meet and solve this problem, as well as others.

High corporation taxes have another pernicious effect. Capital funds for investment are often mobile. If the United States imposes higher taxes on the fruits of investment than some other countries, some domestic businesses will be at a disadvantage in the competition for capital. Taxes—federal, state and local—are by no means the most important factors determining the location of new production facilities. But taxes are one element.

A 'Fuller' Share

How do other countries tax corporation income? Do they, like the United States, again tax the amounts paid out to shareholders as dividends or realized as capital gains? Foreign practices vary widely, so accurate comparison is difficult. But one broad conclusion is valid: The total tax in other lands is not so heavy as in the United States. By general account, businesses feel that many foreign governments allow better treatment of depreciation than Congress has yet provided.

Several countries do impose corporation rates in the 40 to 50 per cent range. In others, however, the rate is lower. Moreover, in recognition of taxes on the corporation, other governments, seeking to prevent a second tax at the shareholder level, often make a very much larger adjustment than our dividend exclusion of $100 a person. Moreover, in other countries profits which appear as capital gains are usually exempt from tax at the shareholder level.

In deciding what is best for us, we should take into account world competition. U.S. firms must compete for new investment funds in capital markets that are international. American companies with products to sell at home must compete with foreign suppliers. American goods sold abroad must meet foreign competition. And as services—tourism, for example—become relatively more important in total consumption, American suppliers must consider international competition.

Sen. McGovern's proposals would remove tax features which are intended to improve the competitive position of U.S. companies in world financial markets. These provisions are not above criticism. But to repeal them without some replacement would hamper American industry abroad.

The usual response to the threat of foreign competition, the Burke-Hartke Act, for instance, would resort to inherently self-defeating restrictionist actions. It would be better to pursue expansionist, constructive policies—ones that would improve productivity. One such policy would encourage faster and more extensive introduction of the most modern capital equipment, to get which companies would need funds. No promises by aspirants to the White House or Congress can bring the funds desired. But one thing government can do: reduce the corporation income tax, thus enhancing the attractiveness of capital investment here, especially investment in business plant and equipment.

Why not try to have the world's least obstructive tax system and to amass the best facilities over a wide range of industry? The enlargement of the capital base of the production system would bring higher productivity, fuller employment, lower prices and better goods and services at home. Instead of carping that business does not pay its "fair share," our leaders, present and would-be, should concentrate on ensuring a fuller share for us all. ☐

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GENERAL AMIN'S MOVE

England Faces the Great Migration

ELSPETH HUXLEY

THE TROUBLE with Uganda's Asians is success. As a group they are more astute, frugal and hard-working than Uganda's Africans, so they have become rich. They are in fact a very rich community; they own most of the stores, garages, import-export businesses and so on, they also own the big sugar estates; they are at the top of most professional ladders. So Africans are jealous, just as in Europe people were jealous of the Jews and either slaughtered them in pogroms, or threw them out on their ears. For the same reason the bulky, ex-heavyweight army boxing champion Idi Amin, President of Uganda since his military coup in January 1971, is throwing out the Asians to seize most of their property, wealth and chattels, and thus win the lasting gratitude of his African followers. It is rather like Henry VIII despoiling the monasteries, except that President Amin, being a Moslem, has four official wives and no problems relating to divorce.

This mass expulsion is as brutal, abrupt and total as any in history, and certain to be popular with rank-and-file Africans. They don't like Asians, and never have, for the reason given. To justify this dislike they advance the usual reasons: Asians won't mix with Africans, they are arrogant and clannish, they send their money home to India and Pakistan instead of investing it in Uganda. This last argument is patently false; if it were true, they would not own nearly all the major businesses, clearly a result of investing money in the country concerned. Moreover the government of Uganda, like a great many others, operates stringent controls against the export of money. No doubt some of the Asians manage to find loopholes, just as some of the African ministers do who stash money in banks in Switzerland.

This is President Amin's second xenophobic eruption. Last May he threw out, even more abruptly, the Israeli experts he had called in to advise and help his government in various technical fields, including military training. There were only about seven hundred of them and they had a country to go to, so no one made a great fuss. The Israeli expulsion coincided with their first bills coming in. Uganda's treasury is almost empty. So, President Amin "uncovered" an Israeli plot to poison the Nile and Colonel Qaddafi of Libya promised him some money at the price of severing links with Israel. As to the Asians, the President received those instructions direct from God, in a dream. It looks as if the same brand of megalomania which overcame the late corporal Hitler is afflicting the late sergeant-major Amin.

The future of the Asians is, to say the least, unclear. For a start no one knows for certain how many there are. The current official guess is eighty thousand, but by the time the enormous families which often evade census counts are added in, the numbers may well be a lot higher. They fall into two categories: those with British passports, around sixty thousand, and those who hold Ugandan ones, about twenty-three thousand.

In the days of the colonial empire, all citizens of the Commonwealth were entitled to hold British passports if they applied. When Uganda got its independence in 1962, its Asians were offered a choice between taking out Uganda citizenship, or retaining their British one. The main reason for this has been glossed over. It was to keep open an escape route in case British settlers in neighboring Kenya, whose laws were in line with Uganda's, should be dispossessed or persecuted by the African government. By one of history's many ironies, British settlers in Kenya have not, as yet, been dispossessed or persecuted, whereas Uganda's Asians have. No one thought of this possibility at the time. So it has caught the British off-guard.

While any holder of a valid British passport has a right of entry into Britain, the Commonwealth Immigration Act of 1968 brought their entry under control by obliging everyone to apply for vouchers and so to come in dribs and drabs. Uganda's quota has currently been running at around 1,500 Asians a year. The question Heath's government had to decide was whether to suspend this working arrangement and to permit the expelled Ugandan Asians with British passports immediate entry to Britain. This has been done; and this is the rub.

By modern standards, some eighty thousand to one hundred thousand people is not a large number to expel. There are several million refugees from black African countries, residing in neighboring African countries—Uganda itself has a lot of Sudanese. Uganda's Asians should be relatively easy to absorb. Most of them speak English, they are relatively educated and law-abiding, and many, though of course not all, have some training in technical skills. They have come a long way since their great-grandfathers were shipped from India at the turn of the century as laborers to build the railway linking Kampala (Uganda's capital) with the East African coast. Some of them stayed in Africa, sent for wives and founded large families and came in time to fill the gap between white overlords and still-primitive tribesmen. All over East Africa they opened *dukas*, small general stores which sold everything from mirrors to machetes to unclad customers who paid in coins which had been pierced in the center to enable them to be strung round African necks. All over East Africa they worked as *fundis*, possessed of invaluable if rudimentary skills as masons, carpenters, builders and general fixers of things. As immigrants to Britain their descendants are likely, on balance, to be an asset rather than a liability.

THE TROUBLE IS twofold. First, Britain is a very small and very overcrowded island—England and Wales have a population density second only to Taiwan's —whose inhabitants are just beginning to wake up to the horrid realities of having too many people, too few jobs, too few school rooms, too few hospital beds, of growing congestion and traffic jams and rising property values and pollution and having no room to expand. Even sixty thousand extra people

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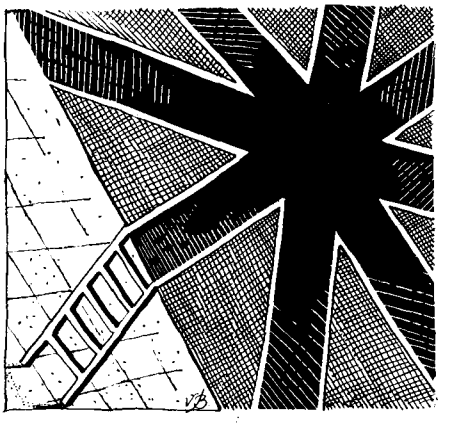
all at once, Asians or any other kind, means sixty thousand fewer places in factories, housing estates, schools, hospitals or whatever for native Britons. Add to that, the fact that they are aliens of a different race, religion, habit and color, add to *that* a growing and alarming trend to violence and disorder among the once law-abiding, docile British, and you clearly have a powder-keg on your hands. We are all educated now about the territorial instincts and know that cats, rats and bats won't stand for alien cats, rats and bats invading their territory. We all know that humans often act the same way.

The other trouble is that sixty thousand Asians may perhaps be manageable, but how many more may be entitled, and one day forced, to emigrate? President Amin is kicking out not only British passport-holding Asians, but some of the Uganda-holding ones as well. Not all of them will come to Britain, but some will. The United Nations has accepted responsibility for them; but those nations, like the Scandinavian ones, most forward in preaching against the racial sins of others are proving the most backward in offering practical help themselves. Uganda's neighbors also have a lot of Asians; around one hundred thousand probably in Kenya, seventy thousand in Tanzania. Most of these have British passports too. If President Amin gets away with it, what's to prevent Presidents Kenyatta and Nyerere doing the same? Already there have been threats from Kenyan ministers. Further south, there's Zambia and Malawi; away to the east, a potential avalanche. In Malaysia, Singapore and Hong Kong there are hundreds of thousands of Asian citizens of the British Commonwealth. What is their status and what are their rights if a wave of expulsion should engulf any group of them? Would they all be entitled to come?

No wonder the decision to accept without restraint, "in an orderly fashion," the Ugandan Asians has made a lot of people jittery, and not only followers of Mr. Enoch Powell. Those responsible for "community relations" —dedicated men and women working hard to iron out racial troubles at their points of origin—know that a sudden influx of immigrants is going immeasurably to stiffen their task at a time when unemployment is rising, schools are overcrowded, housing a major headache and the welcoming spirit of the British working people markedly on the decline.

It was the late Dean Acheson who said that Britain had lost an empire, and not yet found a role. Now we seem to have found one: a dumping ground for other countries' unwanted citizens. Chuck them out, regardless of what will happen to them, Britain will pick them up, dust them down, supply a roof over their heads and put them on national assistance if they can't be found a job. Not everyone is as happy about this as Mr. Geoffrey Rippon, Mr. Heath's emissary, appears to be. Like Chamberlain to Munich, to Kampala he went hat in hand to wait three days for President Amin, understandably a busy man, to see him, merely to be told what everyone except Mr. Rippon knew already—that Amin wouldn't change his mind. Meanwhile it was announced that British aid to Uganda was to go on, unaffected by this passing cloud.

ECHOES OF Munich are indeed not far away: Munich of 1938 and Munich of 1972. A strange coincidence. President Amin, taking time off from expelling



Asians, orders Uganda's athletes to boycott the Olympic Games rather than set foot on a track defiled by the foot of a Rhodesian, albeit a black Rhodesian, because of Ian Smith's fiendish racial policies. Mr. Smith's crime has been to deny most of the black Rhodesians, for the time being, a vote. (Some Africans already have a vote and all are promised it as they qualify, but not yet.) He does other fiendish things like impose restrictions without trial on two or three hundred suspected saboteurs and actual agitators, far fewer than the British hold in jail in Northern Ireland for the same reasons. In Rhodesia no one, so far as we know, has been assassinated, executed, tortured, expelled or stripped of property; by welfare statistics, Rhodesia tops the African league; university, parliament and sport are multiracial even if there's been some backsliding in regard to swimming pools. For their heinous crimes Rhodesians, black and white, have been — are — severely punished by world ostracism, United Nations sanctions, and now by expulsion from the Olympics to which they had been formally invited.

In Burundi, Uganda's neighbor, perhaps one hundred thousand people have, in the last year, been brutally massacred in a war to the death between two tribes. No one knows the true number; no one has counted corpses rotting in the bush, and the tortures, beatings to death and roastings alive are too horrible to contemplate. Sanctions against Burundi, action by the United Nations, world opinion outraged? Certainly not. Burundi is a member state of the United Nations. Burundi joins in imposing sanctions on Rhodesia. In Uganda, upwards of one hundred thousand law-abiding, harmless citizens are stripped of their property and kicked out with a cynical disregard of human rights it would be hard to exceed. Sanctions against Uganda? Certainly not. Uganda is a member state of the United Nations, a recipient of Western aid, diplomatically persona grata with the rest of the world. Uganda joins in imposing sanctions against Rhodesia. Uganda joins in threatening to wreck the Olympic Games rather than compete against Rhodesians. At Munich I Germans were appeased, at Munich II the Afr cans. The result of appeasement is always the same.

Cant could not go further, hypocrisy be more blatant. Not only has the conscience of the world, if there ever was such a thing, become a farce, it has lost all contacts with reality; the pretentious façade of the United Nations has become a pretty sordid hollow sepulcher of mummified hopes. Are there wry smiles in Salisbury? And perhaps a sad and muffled little sound, quickly smothered by the braying of orators, that might be an angel weeping somewhere up above. □

Mrs. Huxley is NATIONAL REVIEW*'s correspondent on African affairs. She has written a number of books on Africa and appears frequently in leading British periodicals.*

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LETTER FROM MICHIGAN

McGovern as Marley's Ghost

M. J. SOBRAN JR.

UNTIL RECENTLY, at least, there was only one issue in Michigan: busing. An appeals court has now delayed the implementation of Judge Stephen Roth's order, which would have required immediate cross-district busing of pupils not only within Wayne County (which includes Detroit), but among several neighboring counties as well. But although the delay may have cooled the passions of the voters (80 per cent of whom oppose busing to achieve integration), Democrats have certainly lost support in the southeastern part of the state, their traditional stronghold. "I've been a Democrat all my life," one hears frequently, "but this year . . ."

The character of Michigan politics this year was determined by the May primary, which George Wallace won with over half the Democratic vote. Part of his total is accounted for by Republican crossovers, part by a sympathy vote (the primary took place the day after he was shot); but there is no doubt that the balloting did indeed "send them a message." For a while, that message seemed to have reached even George McGovern: Breaking a postwar tradition among Democrats, he did not begin his presidential campaign in Detroit on Labor Day. His absence on that day was generally construed in the state as his nolo contendere; after all, a *Detroit News* poll showed him trailing President Nixon by 16 per cent throughout the state; clearly he would have been wasting his time in Michigan. But then subsequent polls suggested that he was wasting his time everywhere else as well; so he came to Michigan.

He brought Ted Kennedy with him; and Kennedy got a warm reception. (One woman ran up to Kennedy, in McGovern's presence, and panted, with tactless ardor, "I can't wait until 1976.") The next time he came he brought Ed Muskie. Muskie, like Kennedy, was meant to serve as a walking affidavit that McGovern was a bona fide Democrat (one state labor leader suggested that the candidate's best bet would be to blur his image as a McGovernite); instead Muskie seemed a political memento mori, a gloomy, grinning symbol of campaign dissolution. Meanwhile, Sargent Shriver romped jubilantly, Humphreyishly, in and out of the state, seeming to enjoy himself just a little more than was really decorous: politics of joy. McGovern himself resembled nothing so much as Marley's ghost, escorting the ghosts of Christmas Past (Muskie) and Christmas Future (Kennedy), didactically rattling his own chains, dead as a doornail.

NOTHING SEEMS to help much, nor is it likely that anything will. McGovern's problem, in Michigan as elsewhere, is larger than the sum of his blunders, his equivocations, his "radicalism." Like most moralists, he is easier to approve than to like. He generates no loyalty; partly because he radiates none. ("One thousand per cent" is the bitterest joke of this campaign.) He has neither the gutty appeal of Harry Truman nor the witty, quixotic charm of Adlai Stevenson; no tearful orator will beg the next convention not to turn its back on this man. He impresses one as a bland ideologue, a grey-flannel Robespierre. It is not that he is disloyal: It is, rather, that his loyalty to America, as to Eagleton, is widely felt to be tenuous, tentative, conditional. He feels no outrage at Ramsey Clark's criticism of America from Hanoi: America is to be weighed on the same scale with North Vietnam, and it is not at all certain that America won't, in McGovern's judgment, come off worse: after all, *we* are bombing *them*.

Therefore a tactical reversion to a "safe," familiar bread-and-butter campaign would now be ineffectual and implausible, as McGovern seems to realize. And so, in his most recent stop in Detroit, he tackled the busing question directly: Instead of backing off, he accused Nixon of a "cynical and demagogic" use of the issue, and blamed Nixon's negligence for the deterioration of the schools to the point where busing became necessary. The speech seemed to display the same wildly swinging desperation that earlier in the week had moved him to sputter bitterly at the press and to try, too hard, to fan the Watergate stink into every nostril, reminding one of Murray Kempton's complaint that we must choose between an incumbent who will say nothing and a challenger who will say anything.

In a way, McGovern deserves credit. Unlike many liberal politicians, he has been forthright in acknowledging that busing follows naturally from the equalitarian reading of the Fourteenth Amendment that has become current since 1954. He really does want an equal distribution of equality; his great error has been to suppose that once he got past the politicians, the people would want it too. While learning better, he has made life difficult for many lesser Democrats who share neither his integrity nor his delusions.

TAKE Frank Kelley. As the most popular Democrat in a Democratic state, Attorney General Kelley once seemed to have an excellent chance to win Robert Griffin's seat in the U.S. Senate. Now, despite a tough, shrewd, aggressive campaign, he concedes that he is trailing.

Kelley is anything but doctrinaire; he clearly thinks that a foolish consistency is the hobgoblin of those who don't care whether they get elected. Two years ago, for instance, he fearlessly supported cross-district busing; last year, however, busing became the state's bitterest issue, and Kelley now opposes it, fearlessly. The general depth of Kelley's convictions may be plumbed in his stand on abortion: "With a name like mine, I'm opposed to abortion reform on religious grounds. But if it passes, I'll bow to the wishes and demands of the law." He casts himself as the dauntless Little Guy (armed only with the power of the state Attorney General) pitted against "the big boys," as he is in the habit of calling them (corporations, utilities loaded with money, power and sinister influence, capable of buying off your Bob Griffins

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Mr. Sobran, a graduate student in Michigan, makes his first appearance in NR *with this piece.*

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MONT PELERIN

The View Twenty-Five Years Later

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO a small band of strays who held to an ancient "freedom philosophy" (anti-planning, the free market, limited government and inalienable rights) met at a resort on Mont Pelerin overlooking the misty lake of Geneva. Brought together by the labors of Friedrich A. Hayek, whose *The Road to Serfdom*, published near the war's end in Britain and America, had had a *succès d'éstime* but had not visibly converted anyone, the group could hardly have hoped to keep Social Democrats from overrunning Europe. The Mont Pelerinites were considered "reactionaries" at worst, romantic dreamers at best; and John Kenneth Galbraith's reported crack about a bunch of visionaries meeting on a Swiss mountaintop to debate the question of whether nations should own their own navies or rent them from entrepreneurs was quite in keeping with the general derision that greeted followers of Hayek in those days.

This year, in the first golden week of September, a break in a Europe that had had a dismally cold summer, the Mont Pelerin Society went back to its birthplace. Instead of thirty-odd original founders, the saving remnant of what seemed an antique conception of liberalism in 1947, three hundred Freedom Philosophers tracked up the mountain this time to hear Professor Hayek, now retired from academic life, take a different set of bearings than he had taken in the Forties. Then the problem had been to make the Freedom Philosophy respectable again among intellectuals; now, as Hayek sees it, the problem is to make the masses understand that governments in quest of full employment must end by drowning everybody in the inflationary sea, the common man no less than the philosopher, the labor boss along with the economics teacher. Hayek professed to be most gloomy about the future; indeed, he said, he had even considered recommending the dissolution of the Mont Pelerin Society, which had won its intellectual victories to little avail. Only the general enthusiasm of the group and the vitality of some of the papers read at the daily sessions in Montreux in a hotel large enough to accommodate three hundred disputants and listeners had dissuaded him from assuming the role of undertaker.

On the veranda at Mont Pelerin with Hayek were seven of the Mont Pelerin founders, Fritz Machlup, Henry Hazlitt, Leonard Read, F. Trevoux, F. A. (Baldy) Harper, Stanley Dennison and the irrepressible Milton Friedman, who was serving out his two-year term as the Society's president before relinquishing his office to the knowledgeable Arthur Shenfield. The seven, listening to Hayek's flavorsome recapitulation of Mont Pelerin history, must have thought of the great absentees, both living and dead. Among the dead founders, what would Wilhelm Röpke or Frank Knight have had to say about dissolving the Society? Or, among the living absentees, how would Ludwig Von Mises or John Jewkes or John Davenport have reacted to the idea? Mont Pelerinites have never made much of Edmund Burke (Adam Smith and Bastiat are more in their line), but Burke's idea of the great continuing compact of Society, which sees the present bound to deliver the wisdom of the past to future generations, would surely have stayed Hayek's hand even if the liveliness of the sessions had not renewed his faith.

On its 25th anniversary Mont Pelerin could look back to some very ponderable victories. The ideas of Röpke and another founder, Walter Eucken, had been seized upon by West Germany's Economic Minister Ludwig Erhard the year after Mont Pelerin's birth. Erhard, who was to become an early member of the Society, made Röpke's theories of the Social Market Economy into bone and sinew of the West German Christian Democratic Party's platform. The result was the German Miracle, which Erhard denies was a miracle, since it was only a matter of applied common sense. President Einaudi of Italy, another Mont Pelerin member, visibly helped save his country from going disastrously to the left. So the effect of Mont Pelerin on Western Europe, though it has won no victories that can be called permanent as long as new openings to the left persist, has been far greater than Ken Galbraith would allow.

In a notable paper read at the opening session by Irving Kristol, the point was made that Mont Pelerin had not only won its political victories as in Germany, but it had also thoroughly routed its intellectual enemies. The central planners had been discredited even in Fabian England, the socialists had given up on the idea of state ownership of the means of production, the interventionists everywhere had been forced to acknowledge the untoward side effects of their alleged reforms. Mont Pelerin had defeated the Old Left in the intellectual market as well as on the hustings.

BUT WHAT of the New Left? Here Kristol posed some tough questions for a group that has been taught to think in economic terms. The New Left simply does not care about production, whether it is efficient or not. Its goals are not economic. They are, in a curiously perverted way, religious. The economist claims that he can tell you how to get the most for the least effort, but what if you disdain any effort whatsoever? Confronted with the New Left, both the Old Socialists and the Old Liberals stand in tongue-tied amazement. Kristol would not let the economists feel happy with the perfectly feasible idea that the environment can be cleaned up and preserved by the adaption of technology to conservationist ends. The New Left, he said, doesn't really care a fig about pure water and clean air; it is simply against gadgets or machines of any kind, no matter whether they add to pollution or cure it.

Kristol's picture of a situation in which freedom-loving economists will have to wrestle with wholly unfamiliar idioms and mystical formulations had

Mr. Chamberlain is a syndicated columnist and a contributing editor of NR.

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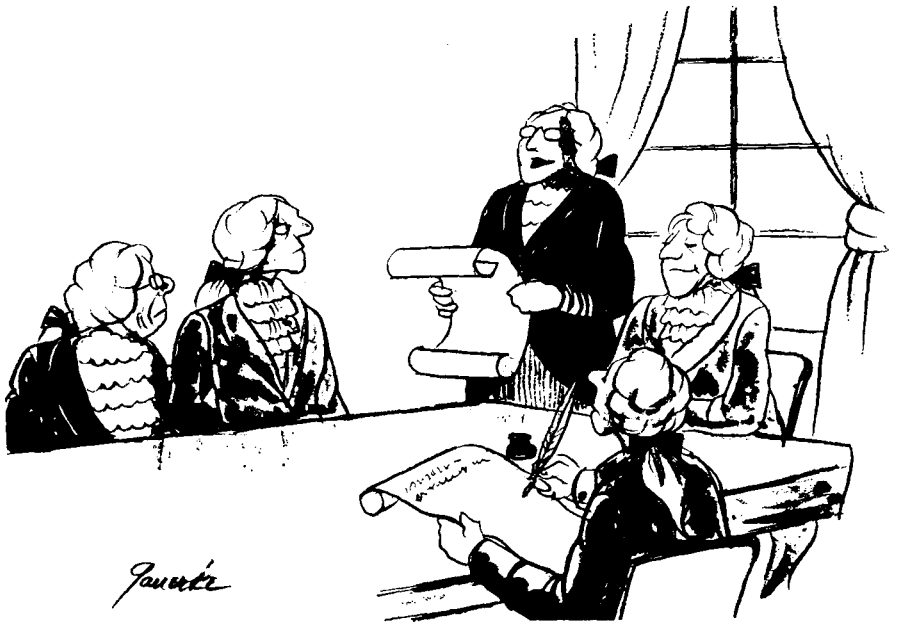
an electrifying effect on his audience, which has surely taken some things home for a long winter's mulling. If the next Mont Pelerin meeting picks up from where Kristol left off, completely new ground will be furrowed. But, by that token, Mont Pelerin will cease to be an economic society.

Hayek, as an enemy of "scientism" and as an economist who was among the first to reckon with the "neighborhood effects" of unclean productive processes, happens to be a philosopher as well as an economist. A new direction for Mont Pelerin would not faze him. But the problem of bringing home to the masses the idea that the pursuit of full employment as a political end must lead to a lower standard of life for everybody had the founder of the Mont Pelerin Society groping as the 25th anniversary sessions came to a close. He was no longer pessimistic about the future of his own particular Society, but he remained pessimistic about society in general.

The circular nature of the arguments about inflation in a session on "Economic Prosperity, Inflation and Unionism" could hardly have mitigated Hayek's gloom. Mont Pelerin is split down the middle on the causes of inflation. Full of vinegar, spice and fight, Henry Hazlitt and Lawrence Fertig renewed their perennial battle with Milton Friedman over the question of the responsibility of labor unions for pushing the cost of living through the roof. Backed by Enoch Powell, the British Tory MP, Friedman insisted that inflation is a purely monetary phenomenon. The politician with his hand on the spending spigot and the Federal Reserve Board with its power to increase or contract the availability of credit have been Friedman's chief villains; the labor unions, limping behind in their demands and fretful about their ability to catch up with the cost of living, have in Friedman's estimation had little to do with creating the flood of money that now chases what our supermarkets have to offer.

The Hazlitt-Fertig reply to this is that the unions, by making outrageous demands that are accepted by employers who can't afford long strikes, raise prices to a prohibitive point. When the customers cease to buy, the resulting unemployment sends both the politicians and the Fed's High Priests of the Interest Rate scurrying for cover. To assure their own re-election, the politicians open up the spending spigot that floods the economy with new and inflationary purchasing power. And the Federal Reserve, catching a hint of presidential frown, meekly conforms to the presumed need of the average customer for more abundant credit. So, though inflation is a monetary phenomenon, the unions, by creating unemployment through their monopoly bargaining position, undermine the courage of those who might otherwise solve a monetary problem in a monetary way.

Since the fight between the Friedman-Powell and the Hazlitt-Fertig forces boils down to a question of what compels a government to increase the money supply, I suggested to Milton Friedman that he draw up a table of pressures on the politicians. If, as he says, only 20 per cent of American labor is unionized, this could mean that most of the pressure for inflation must come from other groups than those dominated by George Meany and César Chavez. The farmers, with their demands for subsidies, are one pressure group; the Welfare Mothers are another; the Military-Industrial Complex, to the extent that it is a complex and not a chimera, is a third. Maybe a full study of the subject would show that George Meany's minions have a clout on Capitol Hill that is greater than that of the farm bloc or the welfare bloc. The point is that the argument between Friedman and Hazlitt will never be settled until we know more about what puts congressional majorities into spending moods and what causes Arthur Burns at the Fed to knuckle under.



"Now, 'to promote the general welfare.' Does anyone prefent foreſee how this might be miſinterpreted in the future?"

NIXON'S FORMER economic adviser Paul McCracken, who took part in the panel discussion on inflation, hinted that he might have some ideas about constructing a table of pressures. Entranced with the idea of exploring such a subject, Dean Russell has promised to draw up a tentative table. His percentages, he says, may be wrong, but at least they should be suggestive. I recommend that some editor get in touch with him.

If economists who adhere to the Mont Pelerin philosophy can't agree on what causes inflation, there is good reason for Hayek's pessimism. But Hayek might well reflect on the whimsicality of fate. He told a most amusing story of how he raised the funds that were necessary to create the Mont Pelerin Society. Visiting Dr. A. Hunold, who was to become the first secretary of the Society, Hayek complained about the difficulty of financing a continuing group of Freedom Philosophy economists. Whereupon Hunold said he was in possession of a fund that had been

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COME AGAIN

Wallaceland Revisited

MAX GELTMAN

In 1947 Dwight Macdonald, exploring the liberal hinterland, discovered a vast terrain stretching from Soviet Siberia to the editorial offices of the *Nation* and the *New Republic*. This terrain he called "Wallaceland," after Henry Wallace, a gentleman who teetered on the brink of becoming the 32nd President of the United States. The Newfoundland Macdonald saw possessed not only a variegated geography, but a language all its own, one which the great explorer dubbed "Wallese," defining it as a "debased and provincial dialect."

It is sad to report that since his early discoveries, Macdonald has himself often wandered off into Wallaceland. So addicted has he become to the "provincial dialect," that he uses it as if it were quite the most normal way to talk—and to write. Does he even realize that a whole new generation is rediscovering Wallaceland?

This spring Hedrick Smith ventured forth to revisit the colder regions of Wallaceland for the *New York Times* (April 28). In Novosibirsk he found a "young professional woman" who liked her life there, in fact liked it so much she wouldn't trade it for life "in the West." Mr. Smith reassures us that she was not talking about "London, Paris or New York—but Moscow." At the same time we learn, in passing, that "even now university students in Moscow and Leningrad shudder at the thought of their two to three years of compulsory labor for the state on some new project in the remote, desolate territory, which stretches 3,400 miles from the Urals to the Pacific, across nine time zones." But, compulsory labor or no, we are assured that despite the unhappy students, a visitor [meaning himself] to Siberia encounters people who firmly proclaim their devotion to the beckoning solitude of the *taiga*," which our new explorer tells us means "pine forest."

What Macdonald, the original explorer, could not foresee was that Wallaceland had imperial potential and an imperious design stretching much farther than the 3,400 miles described by Hedrick Smith: It stretches all the way to New York—and to Mainland China. But before we get there, it is best to quote Macdonald:

"Wallaceland is the mental habitat of Henry Wallace plus a few hundred thousand regular readers of the *New Republic*, the *Nation* and *PM*." Allowing for slightly altered circumstances, we may substitute the *New York Review of Books* or the *New York Times* for *PM*, and the "habitat" Macdonald spoke of would still be the same, only larger through the process of ideological expansion of territory. Wallaceland, he continues, "is a region of perpetual fogs, caused by the warm winds of the liberal Gulf Stream coming in contact with the Soviet glacier." The only updating required here is to hyphenate the "Soviet glacier" to read "Sino-Soviet glacier." In fact, the very next line hints at this possibility: "Wallese is as rigidly formalized as Mandarin Chinese." Today, after James Reston's discovery of the healing qualities of Chinese acupuncture (in Henry Wallace's day it was Lysenko's agrobiology), one might substitute "Maoist Chinese" for "Mandarin Chinese," otherwise Macdonald's analysis of the strange dialect spoken in Wallaceland seems to hold, and will probably hold for a long time to come.

In Wallese we are informed, "Good people are described by ritualistic adjectives: 'forward-looking,' 'freedom-loving,' 'clear-thinking' and, of course, 'democratic' and 'progressive.' Bad people are always 'reactionaries' or 'red-baiters. . . .'" As will be noted, the language holds even if the geography has shifted slightly to the East. As the original explorer observed, "Wallese is not, of course, Henry Wallace's personal idiom." Anybody can master it. Here is how the new travelers employ pure Wallese to describe their experiences in the China of Mao Tse-tung—the remote Wallaceland of our own decade.

Joseph Kraft: "The age-old problem of famine is now licked in this country. China can feed itself." (*New York Post.*)

Audrey Topping (commenting for NBC-TV on the sight of Chinese women paddling clothes in the river adjacent to a commune): "See, no detergents. No pollution. Isn't it wonderful!"

Michelle Lois (Professor at the University of Vincennes, writing in the *Manchester Guardian*, March 4, about the eight agitprop ballet-operas permitted to the 800 million people of Red China): "It is inspiring; a rediscovery of cultural treasure whose like we Westerners have never seen."

Joseph Kraft: "I cannot believe that the rulers of China are the murderous butchers the American right wing is pleased to imagine."

Ken Ling (former Red Guard leader of Mao's Cultural Revolution) says in his book, *Revenge of Heaven*: "The struggle has begun." It is June 12, 1966. In front of his school building, young Ling reports. "I saw rows and rows of teachers, about forty or fifty in all, with black ink poured over their heads and faces. . . . Hanging on their necks were placards with such words as 'reactionary academic authority So-and-so,' 'capitalist roader So-and-so,' 'corrupt ringleader So-and-so. . .' Hanging from their necks were pails filled with rocks. . . . All were barefoot, hitting broken gongs and pots as they walked around the field, crying out, 'I am black gangster So-and-so.' Finally, they all knelt down, burned incense and begged Mao Tse-tung to 'pardon their crimes.'"

Later that day, we learn from Ling, "came the beatings and tortures. I had never seen such tortures before: eating nightsoil and insects; being subjected to electrical shock; forced to kneel on broken glass, being hanged 'aeroplane' by the arms and legs. . . . But the heaviest blow to me that day" —and this was only the first day of the terror Mr. Kraft is sure the Chinese leaders are incapable of—"was the killing of my most respected and beloved

Mr. Geltman is a student of the liberal scene and a frequent contributor to NR.

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teacher. . . . Teacher Chen, over sixty and suffering from high blood pressure, was dragged out at 11:30, exposed to the summer heat for more than two hours. . . . Then he was dragged to the second floor [of the school building] . . . beaten with fists and broomsticks. . . . This lasted for six hours, until he lost control of his excrement. They tried to force a stick into his rectum . . ."

James Reston: "The people seem not only young but enthusiastic about their changing lives. There is no sense of intimidation in the relationship between the Revolutionary Committee leaders and the workers." And "one is constantly reminded here [in Red China of the mass purges] of what American life must have been like on the frontier a century ago." This can fairly be described as "ur-Wallese."

Ross Terrill (in his book *800,000,000—The Real China*) quotes Mao talking about himself to the French ambassador: "I am myself a center-leftist." Something like our own George McGovern? Further, Mr. Terrill of Australia, guru extraordinary to American understanding of the 800 million, opines that Mao is indeed "basically moderate and realistic." And still further he tells us that he interviewed Kuo Mo-jo, President of the Chinese Academy of Sciences, who told him: "The man I really like is Shelley," adding (sadly?), "of course we do not read any of these people these days."

There are "of course" lots of "these people" the Chinese do not read, but we do read such people as Ross Terrill, James Reston, Seymour and Audrey Topping. But we are not asked to read —nor do we review, if we are the *New York Times Book Review*—Ken Ling's book.

In 1971, James Reston went to China, looked about his well-appointed hotel room, ate the sumptuous meals prepared for him by a thousand cooks—and suffered an attack of acute appendicitis. Taken to a hospital for VIPs ("how marvelously clean China's hospitals are," he later reported) he was shown the marvels of acupuncture. Taking a shot of Western anesthesia just in case, he underwent the ancient Chinese treatment and survived both. It is clear from his rapturous articles in the *Times* that the progress—the sheer "progress" of it all—overwhelmed him as much as did the visit of Henry Wallace and Owen Lattimore to the Soviet slave labor camp at Mogador a quarter-century earlier.

After their return home, Lattimore and Wallace said they found conditions there "idyllic"; the warden they described as being "charming," after he regaled them with renditions of Tchaikovsky's Sixth Symphony. They were *there*—and who should know better than the eyewitness? The answer that suggests itself is, almost anyone who wasn't there—except the inmates.

In 1943 the International Red Cross sent its vice president, the Duke of Coburg, to investigate conditions at Buchenwald. He went, looked about him, listened to a recording of Beethoven's Sixth Symphony—what is it about the number six that enthralls the slavish minds?—and reported to his superiors that he found conditions "idyllic." It will be noted that the language employed is often stilted, limited to a few words—as few as possible—with the Good words much as Macdonald described them in his early study of Wallese. Some who venture to add a word or two to the limited vocabulary have come up with "idyllic" and "charming"; but for the new hinterland to which the original Wallaceland has spread one often adds—in keeping with the new ecological thrust—words like "clean," and "quiet" and "orderly."

In 1968 the sparrows were murdered in China. Up to that time the revolutionary-ecological regime had confined itself only to murdering human beings. At least twenty million died; some say it was closer to sixty million. But millions of human beings were sacrificed in order to establish the new order—an order where every creature (sparrow or man) who does not perform socially useful work is done in by the dictatorship that raised the slogan: "The thousand components of Marxism can be summed in one sentence: Rebellion is justified." Later Mao would add: "Killing is justified." Still later he would tell the intellectuals that he would let "one hundred flowers bloom." When the blossoms showed their heads they were instantly lopped off. During the Great Cultural Revolution one of these heads belonged to Lao She.

I mention him because it is possible American readers are familiar with the author of *Ricksha Boy*, a best-seller of a generation ago. But (young Ling informs us) during Mao's cultural revolution Lao She was "lynched," and thousands of writers, artists and poets were tortured to death. Yet Mr. Reston did not once ask to visit the markers or graves of the fallen dead—even those once praised in the columns of his newspaper.

Our Cronkites, Chancellors, Brinkleys—our cultural savants from Susan Sontag to Father Dan Berrigan; our columnists, journalists, editorial writers for the *Washington Post*, the *New York Times*, the *Nation*, and *New Republic*; our professors in the best Ivy League colleges; our old China hands (Fairbank and Davis and Service and Lattimore) are not new at this game. Most of them have long ago rejected the Four Olds for the Four News: For Revolutionary Change, For Progress, For the Future, For the Youth. And, when the youth were unleashed by Mao in 1966 and immediately started to smash everything bourgeois—from pianos to pigeons—it provided a kind of catharsis that echoed around the world.

After a couple of seasons of bloodletting, the organized youth rebellion (everything in a totalitarian state is organized—even famines) was ordered stopped. And now we hear again the old-new slogan: Let a Hundred Flowers Bloom! Whose heads will be lopped off this time no one knows, but the dictatorship does not care: It is assured—so long as a Reston or Topping or Terrill or Lattimore or Fairbank is around to record it—that it will get a good press; and so long as our anchormen are wired for sound, the American people will see exactly what *isn't* there.

So far not a single radio station or TV outlet; not a single commentator or late-night television tomtit or interviewer has invited Ken Ling or any of the scholars who helped him, especially Ivan and Maria London, to tell the story of what really goes on in China; what did happen just a few years ago, last year, today, in Amoy, Fukien, in Kwantung Province—in the real China, not the one manufactured for American television by old China hands out of *Amerasia*; or that provided by the new and well-groomed experts who have just discovered what Lattimore said about China and Old Mongolia a generation ago.

Speaking of Old Mongolia, we must

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AN EVENING WITH DANIEL ELLSBERG

The Tempus Fugit Phenomenon

ANTHONY R. DOLAN

DANIEL ELLSBERG says he was sitting in a New York coffee shop on 52nd street in December 1969 when the Pentagon papers began to take on a new meaning for him. He dwelled on a line from Auden: "The clever hopes of a low dishonest decade."

Ellsberg drew a chic audience in New York the other night, where his lecture tour took him: Before the lights came down at the YMCA-HA theater on 92nd Street, you could hardly see a flower kid. There were ladies in the latest fashions though; some carried the *New Yorker*. They would listen and applaud. "A lovely lovely human being," one summarized.

As it happened, Ellsberg did not deny the part he played in fostering the "clever hopes." He admitted in his talk he had worked for the Rand Corporation (researching counterinsurgency); that he had been to Vietnam as a government official during the war years (to work on the pacification program). Indeed he left Harvard (where he was studying economics) in the early Kennedy years to become one of McNamara's "whiz kids." He still refers to "Camelot."

Ellsberg is a formal man, and so was not much amused by the astronaut playing golf on the moon. His references to Billy Graham and the *Reader's Digest* were so inflected as to draw snickers from the audience. He jibed at Nixon's quoting T. S. Eliot out of context and remarked that Nixon had misspelled the poet's name. He did a bit about Julie Nixon on the six o'clock news, conjuring up images of Annette Funicello and the Mouseketteers and the late Fifties while talking about, of all things, her mother's and father's trip to Peking. His blue suit and the tall not-quite-frail appearance onstage contributed to the effect of what, as the song has it, "the simple folks do."

The patrician's disdain for the common enthusiasms of astronauts and President's daughters does not apply universally: "One of the big thrills of what's been happening to my life lately is the people I've been hearing from and getting to meet. I got a call late last night, and at the other end of the line" he paused, "was—Carol Feraci." The audience remained silent. "You *know*, she's the girl Martha Mitchell wanted to tear limb from limb!" Suddenly they remembered. The Ray Coniff singer who, at a White House reception, took

a "stop the killing" sign out of her bosom and shouted "God Bless Daniel Ellsberg and the Berrigans!"

MERELY TO BE included in the same breath with the Berrigans, Ellsberg said, was flattering. By now he had reached his stride: The U.S. is bombing thousands in Vietnam every day. Henry Kissinger should be referred to as the "mad bomber." Nixon has psychological problems. The victory of the NLF is inevitable. He finishes with a passage from Mailer explaining the U.S. involvement in terms of paranoia about loose daughters and niggers getting out of hand. Manifestly, this psychoanalysis of U.S. foreign policy under Eisenhower, Kennedy, Johnson and Nixon does not embarrass Ellsberg. He reads from the Pentagon Papers and then from Mailer's novel, to point out the parallel emotions: paranoia, panic, sadism.

Then there was also poetry—selections from Denise Levertov. Ellsberg spoke of his children; and gently of his wife and her influence on his "act of conscience." He was lyrical about a dawn on a beach at Malibu, Levertov's line coming back to him: "There came a time when the people of Vietnam were as real to me as my own hands." Real enough, he says, to cause him, finally, to risk imprisonment.

There would have been no Pentagon Papers, he revealed, if it hadn't happened that the Rand Corporation sent him to observe a peace conference in the mid-Sixties where he met an Indian girl. She told him, "The concept of enemy has no meaning for me." It haunted him; he marks it as the first sign of his move away from the Establishment. Ellsberg, the brainy strategic planner, sometime admirer of John Wayne, the lithe ex-Marine lieutenant —started reading Gandhi. Idolization of Martin Luther King and Bobby Kennedy set in. There were more peace conferences. Ellsberg grew to know the people at the War Resisters League and found himself agreeing with them, admiring the ones who went to jail. So it went: his recognition of the implications of technology, the true moral choices, the temptations of power. A standing ovation.

None of the applauding women who had, in years past, approved of Truman's containment or tough talk from Kennedy on Laotian freedom, thought to bring up the inconsistencies. Even if there had been the inclination, there would have been no time: Ellsberg's celebration of the end of the "low dishonest decade" was too breathless, as indeed were his reminders of the changes it brought. The Left can openly support the NLF now. Presidents go to China. Even Irish Jesuits plan sedition.

And Ellsberg, you want to add. Ellsberg too. The Establishment liberal, indicted on fifteen counts, now on trial. The Harvard intellectual getting his thrills staying up late, talking politics over the phone with chorus girls. □

Mr. Dolan, a guitarist and conservative folksinger, works for a New York pr firm.

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WILLIAM F. RICKENBACKER

Prospectuses: Useless and Unread

As EVERY schoolchild knows, the free market is a jungle society in which the rapacious and the greedy always batten on the decent and the meek. Such was the financial kingdom of Wall Street until 1933—a dark and terrifying underworld of quasi-criminals, carny pitchmen, sharp traders, and shellgame manipulators, combining and disengaging in bewildering varieties of cartels, pools, swindles, monopolies and backstabbing organizations, all for the purpose of getting the hard-earned money of the poor and using it to purchase yachts, castles and other necessaries.

And then, as every schoolchild knows, in 1933 the Federal Government stepped into this jungle to bring light where there was darkness, to run the hyenas and banditti out of town (across the Hudson River, perhaps), to make the world safe for the Common Man, who is the Pillar of Capitalism, and who votes by the millions. The Securities Act of 1933 became law. The Securities Exchange Act of 1934 became law. The public was now protected against the sharpies and con men of Wall Street.

Tra-la-la, this being a family journal. One David Clurman, assistant attorney general of New York, testified a few weeks ago before the Securities and Exchange Commission, urging the need for more restrictive federal laws in this field. I am less interested in his delusion that a barrel of snake oil will do the job where a spoonful failed; what catches my eye is his blistering criticism of the results of almost forty years of federal "policing" of the financial business. Having studied more than a hundred "hot" new issues that came out during the bubble of '68 and '69, Mr. Clurman concludes that there has been "no real regulation of consequence" in this area. Although the securities laws require a company that issues new shares to publish a "prospectus" that goes into unending detail about the business, its principal officers, its past finances, its securities, debts, contingent liabilities and on and on—the New York official reports that only a small portion of investors in new issues bother to read the prospectus; and very few were influenced either way, in their decision to buy the issue, by reading the prospectus.

Clurman's findings go on to say that although the prospectuses are written in conformity with the technical requirements of the laws (1933 and 1934, remember?), they are "too often documents with wholesome disregard for the truth." [Wholesale disregard?] New issues are fabricated by brokers eager for the underwriting fee; companies bear titles that have nothing to do with their operations (Aerosystems, a hot issue if you wish, makes components for ballpoint pens); and a lot of companies don't bother to mention exactly what they're going to do with the cash they raise by peddling the shares in the first place.

Value Line, an investment advisory service, recently published an editorial on the question of prospectuses. Says my competitor wisely: "It has been observed, and deplored, that prospectuses are not widely read. . . . We respectfully suggest, as we have off and on for the past fifteen years, that the main reason prospectuses are not read is that they are irrelevant. They deal only with the past, whereas the investor buys only the future, of which the past, the prospectuses are the first to proclaim, gives little indication. . . . The regulations tend to be so drawn as to preclude the slightest possibility of misleading even the most sophisticated. Only what is purely factual, therefore, may be disclosed. What is imperfectly known, as the future always is, must be outlawed. Thus, the very thing which is most relevant remains undiscussed. . . . The practical effect of regulation as we have it today is to prohibit disclosure—contrary to the plain intent of the law."

Some years ago the great economist George Stigler became interested in the Securities Act of 1933 and the Securities Exchange Act of 1934, wondering in particular whether there was any way to tell if they had done any good. He selected the matter of new issues of stock. He assumed that if Wall Street had been a terrible jungle before 1933 and had been cleaned up by federal sanitation engineers, then the experience of the gullible and uninformed investor in new issues after 1934 would be significantly better than the experience of investors in new issues before 1933. He took two ten-year periods, one in the riproaring 1920s and one in the fairly prosperous 1950s. He studied every new issue brought to market in the two periods. He discovered that there was no measurable difference between the jungle of the Twenties and the regulated barracks of the Fifties. As many new issues went up or down, proportionately, as always. The same percentage of them flopped. Investors gained or lost as much money as before.

BUT GOVERNMENT regulation was not without effect. He noted that fewer new issues were brought to market, simply because the cost of publishing a prospectus in accord with the minute and Byzantine regulations kept many a green young firm from planting its roots in the turf of a developed financial market. And another result has been to make prospectuses worse than useless; they are unread; they are irrelevant; they are also dangerous, in that the investor may be tempted to think that an issue that has been "legally issued" is somehow "safer" than a pre-1933 issue. Before 1933, every child knew Wall Street was a jungle. To the extent that federal regulation has lulled the investor's sense of caution, it has done him a deep disservice.

Governmental intervention in free markets is always counterproductive. In this case the intervention has stifled the flow of capital to young companies, throttled the flow of information to investors, and lulled investors into dropping their guard. We would be better off if the government simply withdrew from the financial industry and allowed the children to play as they will. Freedom, anyone? □

William F. Rickenbacker is editor of the Rickenbacker Report, *an investment advisory service, and publisher of the* Financial Book Digest.

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BOOKS

You Pays Your Money... Books on and around Election '72

DAVID BRUDNOY

It's the silly season again, tail end of another endless summer of politicking, of Republican smugness and Democratic pie-in-the-skyism, of rhetoric too bilious to swallow, of That Man in the White House hauling his monumental achievements triumphantly across the landscape like some army of mechanized terrestrial leviathans, crushing the legions of the Avenger of the Prairies and demoralizing his minions, the true believers of our day. We are soon at the polls, into the booths and out as quickly as possible, the dirty work done, back to real life again 'til the next wretched election year.

Like Yuletide's deluge of fat, gorgeous, pricey coffeetable volumes, the quadrennial political frolic prompts its own publishing excess: wads, no, mounds, of books you're not likely to read in an off-year but might be tempted to sample now. You are, perchance, in the mood for American-style regicide? Since the politicos treat us like children anyhow, where better to start than with *The Richard M. Nixon Coloring Book: Fun & Games with Dicky & His Friends* (Grassroots Publishing, unpaginated, $1.50), the author of which drollery hides behind a corporate anonymity, but whose intent of satirizing the Holy Family Which Art in Washington might entertain your nine-year-old niece or local Zippie cadre.

Quick now, ask her (your niece): Who is Jerry Voorhis and why is he qualified to write *The Strange Case of Richard Milhous Nixon* (Eriksson, 341 pp., $8.95)? The answer, sweetie, is that Destiny picked Jerry Voorhis as "the first victim of the Nixon- [Murray] Chotiner formula for political success." Hmmm. "It may, therefore, be thought that 'sour grapes' have prompted its being written. But such is not the case." Assuredly not! Come run with former Congressman Voorhis right through the whole Nixon record from his insidious victory over the pristine Mr. Voorhis to his monarchical pretensions today. Mr. Voorhis can't quite decide whether he's more furious because of the *real* Nixon or the Nixon who appears to have emerged as chief thief of a hundred liberal programs.

Professional Republican-watcher (and academician) Leonard Lurie outdoes spleen-venter Voorhis in *The Running of Richard Nixon* (Coward, McCann, 409 pp., $10), a hatchet-job cum amateur psychoanalytic diatribe, in comparison with which Garry Wills' 1970 *Nixon Agonistes* appears benign. Bitingly written and containing some verifiable passages that should make even the three remaining Nixonophiliacs in America squirm, Mr. Lurie's book nevertheless rests on the shaky sort of long-distance absentia-analysis that mostly invalidates other such attempts, like Ralph Ginzburg's 1964 *Fact* Magazine slash at Barry Goldwater. In any case, as Mr. Lurie reminds us, Henry Kissinger is "reputed [sly?] to have remarked about his future boss, 'That man is not fit to be President.'" And that's that. Make no mistake.

Well there's always Our Children Who Shall Make All the Difference between the world our ancestors shaped and ruined and the future greened. Someone has compiled *Yes, We Can!* (Abbey, 187 pp., $1.95) and signed F. Clifton White's and Charles G. Spiegler's names to it. Their computer is all-American, natch, and *Yes, We Can!* just overflows with that brand of concocted "balance" so beloved of junior-high Soc. Stud. teachers: rainbow hue of faces; full spectrum, minus the wackies, of political views; just the right touch of idealism and practicality. I doubt that any living American kid could read through half of this guidebook to political action without succumbing to torpor, but maybe I'm more out of touch than the authors. Not so, Sidney Hyman, whose *Youth in Politics: Expectations and Realities* (Basic Books, 435 pp., $8.50) is generally interesting, liberally hard-headed, and cogent in its conclusions. We might forgive him his lapses, like "SDS and YAF

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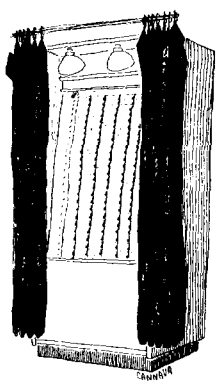
represented the two extremes of the student spectrum . . . [both having] common linkages in philosophy," in exchange for his trenchant put-downs of Senator Tunney and Congresshuman Abzug and his no-kidding approach to the Youth for (Jim) Buckley movement. Mr. Hyman ranges over the whole political scene from 1968 to 1970 and serves adequate warning to those who think youth and the Left are and shall always be synonymous in these United States.

Just as the Spiro of '76 informs us that it was all a bad trip and he's gonna kiss and make up with the press, out pops a spate of books defending the media against the Agnew juggernaut. With a grim earnestness that should earn him the Hugo Black "No Law Means NO LAW" Award this year, William J. Small tells in *Political Power and the Press* (Norton, 423 pp., $8.95) both of our glorious tradition of press freedom (and tells it well) and of the current Nixonian assault on the First Amendment, with a detachment sufficient to earn him yet another award: the Democratic National Committee Service Beyond the Call of Duty Prize. I confess never to have read more in defense of CBS' *The Selling of the Pentagon* than Mr. Small has written, and never hope to read as much again. It may simply be that Edith Efron's *The News Twisters* of last year made such a dent in whatever was left of my belief in media objectivity that I am unconvinced, 423 big Small pages notwithstanding, that the Administration is doing much to equal the effectual assault on genuine media freedom mounted by the networks themselves.

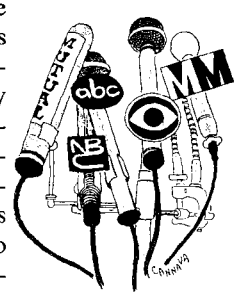


Mr. Small includes within "press" all the media, as does Ben H. Bagdikian's *The Effete Conspiracy and Other Crimes by the Press* (Harper, 159 pp., $6.95), though the latter's emphasis is on newspapers. I'm forewarned in a jacket blurb by my friendly nemesis on New England's WGBH-TV, Louis Lyons, the nation's least unbiased newscaster, that Mr. Bagdikian's book "sets the record straight against the Agnew flim-flam." Double Hmmm. Mr. Bagdikian writes better than most, and makes his case more toughly than Mr. Small in a third the space. When he lashes out against press sloppiness and conglomerate mediocrity, he's very good indeed; but when he attempts to prove that Saint Spiro is all wet, by toting up the number of newspapers supporting GOP and conservative positions and candidates, and leaving it at that, numbers, he's like the ending of that nursery rhyme.

I PAUSE mid-review to alert you to *The Political Market-Place*, edited by David L. Rosenbloom (Quadrangle, 948 pp., $25), a sort of yellow-pages for the cuckoo season. After sampling slam-bang Nixonophobic tomes and the rest above, and before dashing out to get the choice specimens coming up, you might want to know the names, addresses and positions of everybody, literally everybody, in politics. (I've been known to peruse Ma Bell's Yellow Pages 'neath a spreading chestnut tree of a lazy afternoon, so I'm up for any perversion.) If so, be advised that the back matter of this hernia-inducing compendium is composed of ads, and the front stuff is replete with minor errors. My own state's favorite congressman, Fighting Bob Drinan S.J., winds up in the wrong district; my state auditor, possessor of a socko Eastern European name, get his spelled wrongly, as do left-leaning congressional candidate Gerry Studds and my buddy the esteemed treasurer of the American Conservative Union, J. Laurence McCarty. Maybe all the other entries in *Political Market-Place* are spotless; you look 'em up and let me know.

Now the requisite minorities studies, this time one mostly commendable and one doubly cursed by ritualistic liberalism and sociologese. Matt S. Meier and Feliciano Rivera's *The Chicanos* (Hill and Wang, 302 pp., $8.95) shares the annoying trait of many books about Negro history, that of enumerating every "achievement" imaginable, as if to say: See, we've got brave Mexican-Americans too!; and you'll look in vain for a disparaging word about Little César Chavez. But the book is a competent overview of the history of Mexican-Americans in what is now the U.S., a good introduction to an emergent subject. You might be pleased to learn, as was I, that *Chicano* is simply a truncated form of Mexicano; so you're not really a White Racist if you say Mexican-American.

Breathe deeply, pour a stiff one, and dig into Lillian B. Rubin's *Busing & Backlash* (California, 248 pp., $7.95). You are in Richmond, hard by San Francisco, and the "White against White in an Urban School District" of the subtitle leads you into the hardhats versus the oh-so-eager-to-integrate liberals. When The People win, surprise!, it's not the right people. Vice President Agnew now abjures use of "radic-lib," but if I might employ it just once more before the Administration violates my First Amendment rights, as Mr. Bagdikian says is its wont, I'll use it here to describe the incredibly obtuse liberals in Richmond who couldn't seem to comprehend why the plain white folk didn't like the sort of busing program they, the upper-middle-class whites, sought to impose on the district's children. Mrs. Rubin is manifestly crushed by the outcome, but tomorrow's pro-and anti-busing advocates might do well to read and contemplate the evidence she is obliged to present.



Art Buchwald recently wrote a marvelous column about the Republicans' campaign treasury of $2 billion, leaving them a $1.95 billion surplus. Hyperbole, yes, but still apropos. The Democrats, however, aren't exactly impoverished, as G. William Domhoff's *Fat Cats & Democrats* (Prentice-Hall, 203 pp., $5.95) makes crystal clear. "Jews and Cowboys" (Texas moneymen), Mr. Domhoff says, along with some "Confederate buffoons, racist demagogues, and gracious colonels," and a hell of a lot of "Limousine Liberals," occupy the bulk of this book—after the Republicans have been flippantly eviscerated in two early pages. At times *Fat Cats* reads like Birmingham's *Our Crowd*; throughout, it's dizzyingly clogged with names, names, NAMES. Anyhow, everybody knows the GOP owns everything.

NOT THAT it really matters, because the general economy is the real issue, as Abba Lerner's *Flation: Not INflation of Prices, not DEflation of Jobs* (Quadrangle, 184 pp., $5.95), and James B. Shuman's and David Rosenau's *The*

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RANDOM NOTES

■ JUST OUT: Sydney E. Ahlstrom essays a large topic in *A Religious History of the American People* (Yale, $19.50). . . . *Caruso* is a life by Stanley Jackson (Stein & Day, $7.95). . . . For masochists, there's *Herblock's State of the Union* (Simon & Schuster, $6.95). . . . *Times*man Warren Weaver takes off after Congress in *Both Your Houses* (Praeger, $7.95). . . . John Paton Davies is back at the same old stand with *Dragon by the Tail* (Norton, $10). . . . Edith Efron follows *The News Twisters* with *How CBS Tried To Kill a Book* (Nash, $6.95). . . . *Bare Ruined Choirs* is a hymn to radical Catholicism by Garry Wills (Doubleday, $7.95). . . . David Landau analyzes *Kissinger* for Houghton ($5.95). . . . George Bailey ponders *Germans* for World ($10).

■ OCTOBER GIFT BOOKS: Sure to be evocative is *The Barn: A Vanishing Landmark in North America* by Eric Arthur and Dudley Witney. 453 illustrations (N.Y. Graphic, $25). . . . *The Most of John Held Jr.* has a foreword by Marc Connelly (Stephen Greene, $19.95). . . . *The Chamberlain Selection of New England Rooms, 1693-1863* is a collection of 304 Samuel Chamberlain photographs (Hastings House, $20). . . . Constance M. Greiff's *Lost America: From the Mississippi to the Pacific* is a picture study of the architecture of the West (Pyne: $15.95 to Jan. 1, then $17.95).

■ NOVEMBER BOOKS: It was inevitable: *The Sensuous Christian* by Methodist minister Lawrence Meredith (Association, $6.95). . . . Hal Lindsey explores the occult fad in *Satan Is Alive and Well on Planet Earth* (Zondervan, $4.95; paper, $2.25). . . . Mary Renault concludes her historical novel of Alexander the Great with *The Persian Boy* (Pantheon, $7.95). . . . M. S. Venkataramani's *The Sunny Side of FDR* only proves that some writers are invincibly cheerful (Ohio U. Press, $12.50). . . . *Times*man Nicholas Gage finds *Mafia, U.S.A.* alive and well (Playboy, $10).

Billy Graham wonders: Are we living in the period just *Before Armageddon* (Doubleday, $5.95)? From the same house, Bruce Catton reminisces about his boyhood in *Waiting for the Morning Train* ($7.95). . . . *Queen Victoria* is a biography by Cecil Woodham-Smith (Knopf, $12.50). . . . *Nancy: The Life of Lady Astor* by Christopher Sykes could be one of the season's delectable biographies (Harper, $10). . . . Harcourt is touting Quentin Bell's *Virginia Woolf* as the first full-scale treatment ($12.50). . . . Donald J. Hoppe follows *How To Invest in Gold Coins* with *How To Invest in Gold Stocks and Avoid the Pitfalls* (Arlington, $9.95). From the same publisher, J. A. Parker assesses *Angela Davis: The Making of a Revolutionary* ($9.95).

Kondratieff Wave (World, 198 pp., $6.95) assert. We got into this mess, "inflation and Depression" (Professor Lerner's terms), under the Democrats, he insists, but the Republicans don't know how to get us out. Who knows? Dr. Lerner knows. Not so, say the authors of *Kondratieff Wave*. You see, economics works along a 52-year cycle, which coincides with major wars and cultural traumas, in troughs and peaks, and it's all quite predictable. Even the exceptions are explainable. And the explanations are predictable. So it doesn't matter who finances whom, or what. Dig? Would that economists like Mr. Lerner wrote for civilians—even with lots of white space, it's mind-boggling—and that Messrs. Shuman and Rosenau let us in on the joke. It *is* a joke, isn't it? I don't think they think so, nor did Nikolai Kandratieff, who worked it out decades ago. If it's not a put-on, prepare for absolute super 1970s, then watch out. 'Cause—

Uncle Sam—The Last of the Bigtime Spenders will get you anyhow. At least Senator William Proxmire's new book (Simon and Schuster, 275 pp., $6.95) lets us in on how Uncle is off squandering our bread on useless things like overkill defense. If Mr. Proxmire is right, we're all being royally shafted. If not, and I doubt it, and if his view prevails, hope the Communists don't notice.

POLITICAL YEARS always resemble fiction more than fact, says I. Hence, something appropriate to the times. John Lange's *Binary* (Knopf, 213 pp., $5.95) is a splendid suspense tale about a right-wing extremist (you mean there are other kinds?) all set to blow up the President and the whole city of San Diego during the GOP Convention. Them's the breaks, Miami. Catch it in paperback next year. Paul Weissman gives us *Lords of Power* (Morrow, 220 pp., $5.95), in which the governor of New York, who bears a towering resemblance to Him ("I know you, fella") chooses politics over principle, or is it principle over politics. Never mind; it's a nicely told yarn. Slight similarities not good enough for you? You want jot-and-title identity? Hokay; you deserve Irving Schiffer's unspeakable *A Great Place to Visit* (Arlington House, 224 pp., $7.95). But do we really need thinly disguised and totally vulgarized poopie-dolls of (count 'em) Lindsay, Rockefeller, Chisholm, Goldberg, Goodell, Ottinger, Patterson, Abzug, Teddy of Chappaquiddick, Jim Buckley, Alex Rose and every single spear-carrier in all four New York parties? I mean, aren't the real ones enough? Mr. Schiffer formerly worked for the Liberal Party, and now he's told all. And told. And told.

Spiro's still our hero, though Richard Curtis and Maggie Wells don't give him much space in their hilarious *Not Exactly a Crime: Our Vice Presidents from Adams to Agnew* (Dial, 202 pp., $4.95). Only occasionally straining history and the joke, the authors tell everything you really wanted to know (but forgot to ask) about our 39 second bananas. Now if only our choice for Numero Uno could include W. C. Fields, whose 1940 *Fields for President* has just been reissued in paper (Dell, 163 pp., $1.25). "Remember, folks, cast a vote for Fields and watch the silver lining. Cast several votes for Fields and watch for the police." C'mon, comrades; can Dick or George beat that?

We started on the cartoon level, with the *Nixon Coloring Book*. It's a pity to go out on the same level, with Nathaniel Weyl's *McGovern the Candidate* (Lapham, 56 pp., $1). Look here, the *New York Times* got their Pentagon Papers book into print just *six days* after it appeared in the newspaper. Why can't somebody have rushed out a solidly documented, balanced, critical assessment on McGovern? I expect more from the estimable Mr. Weyl than this embarrassment. Weyl's bile runneth over, and the important tidbits of verifi-

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David Brudnoy *is a regular commentator on political affairs for WGBH-TV in Boston. . . .* **Don Crinklaw**, *who is on the faculty at the University of Missouri (St. Louis), also writes for the* St. Louis Post Dispatch. . . . **Aram Bakshian Jr.**, *currently serving as one of President Nixon's speechwriters, is a frequent contributor to* NR *and is co-author of* The War Game: Ten Battles That Changed History, *being published by Dutton this month.*

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able inanity emanating from McGovern's mouth and pen are so mired in really nasty insinuendo that this booklet will be classed with the anti-Nixon screed mentioned at the start, and dismissed accordingly.

Well, I'm writing-in Coolidge. Hold tight; 1976 is just 'round the bend. □

The Destiny Waltz
By Gerda Charles
Scribners, 429 pp., $7.95

The Sheep Look Up
By John Brunner
Harper, 461 pp., $6.95

Chimera
By John Barth
Random House, 308 pp., $6.95

ONE LOW VOICE IN WILD COMPANY

DON CRINKLAW

One of these novels, *The Sheep Look Up*, by John Brunner, is a violent sf prophecy of ecological disaster; another, *Chimera*, by John Barth, is a bawdy retelling of three tales out of classical mythology. Like a lady in a tavern or a gentleman in a brawl, Gerda Charles' *The Destiny Waltz* looks out of place in such wild company. Her novel is a low-voiced one, and it has nothing in common with its mates save high quality: all three in their various ways are impressive achievements.

The Destiny Waltz invokes adjectives that sound slightly patronizing now but shouldn't, like "traditional," "thoughtful," "well made," "closely observed." Miss Charles deals expertly with the conventional, inexhaustible subject matter of the novel: money, character, society, human relations, the prose of life. Her story begins with a London film company's decision to produce a television biography of an obscure Anglo-Jewish poet named Paul Salomon. The poet has been dead some thirty years, so the film-makers track down his closest friend: a retired swing-band leader named Jimmy Marchant. Sixty-three-year-old Jimmy is a sentimental, perceptive and occasionally abrasive loner who quickly takes over the book; his memories and his subtly fluctuating relationships with the film crew form the "matter" of the story: an examination of the world's winners and losers, and the complex social and personal forces that create them.

Jimmy chats with the film-makers and joins them as they trek about London calling upon people and places that touched the poet Salomon's blighted life. Much of the novel is conversation: leisurely, thoughtful, without aphoristic turns but cumulative in its effects. Characters group and regroup in situations that allow the author's insights to emerge as part of the running commentary on Salomon. At one point Jimmy says, "I've come to believe that the difference between success and failure depends . . . on how we manipulate our physical selves. I mean things like the movements of one's eyes, the angle of one's chin, the inclination of one's head, the indifferent slope of the shoulder."

This knowledge—and how to use it—were precisely what Paul Salomon lacked: "He very seldom said anything interesting because the first half of his life no one would have listened and the second half he had no way of telling who would and who wouldn't." But the novel is about Jimmy, not the poet: in the beginning Jimmy is awed by the glamorous, "creative" TV people, who have the eye-chin-shoulder business down pat. But under his gaze they are slowly revealed as failed artists become embittered hacks, and the clincher is the venomous, patronizing study of Salomon they finally produce.

"This one overlooked, unhappy, pitiably insignificant Jew," as Jimmy speaks of Paul in one heated moment, had what the others crave: genius. His life has exposed the deadly amount of nonsense involved in winning, and the tendency of the game to advance the wrong players. The point is not particularly striking but it may be profound, and Jimmy Marchant is a salty enough spokesman to bring it off.

JOHN BRUNNER'S horror story, *The Sheep Look Up*, is a radically different beast. Set presumably in the next century—though no dates are given—the novel tells of an America in which huge corporations befoul the land, water and air beyond reclaiming. As one character says: "You know every breath you draw, every glass you fill with water, every swim you take in the river, every meal you eat is killing you." The people are sickly, filter-masks must be worn in the city streets, the government protects the corporations, and those who suggest that something is wrong are denounced as traitors. The fuse on this time bomb starts to burn when a shipment of food parcels for a starving African nation is poisoned by the ubiquitous chemical additives: the resulting warfare rebounds at home in a wave of terrorism.

If Brunner depended upon his trendy material to do his work for him the novel would be easy to dismiss, but he has mastered a nervous, edgy style that brings his projection alive. His book is structured "cinematically," with quick cuts from scene to scene, and as the horrors begin piling up his mosaic approach achieves a terrifying force.

The novel lurches and lapses at times: the long poems that introduce each chapter are probably meant as ironic commentary—or perhaps Brunner is after a "distancing" effect—but they just look cute. And his satiric slaps at authority are often a little silly: the President is "departing for Disneyland, where he is slated to deliver a major speech on education. . . ." But these are minor blemishes, and as the holocaust approaches Brunner risks an ending that his grim, unrelenting vision rescues from cliché. "We can just about restore the balance of the ecology," intones a bloodless computer-voice of the sort that started the whole mess, "if we exterminate the two hundred million most extravagant and wasteful of our species."

JOHN BARTH'S immensely readable *Chimera* contains lines that are bound to dispirit anyone who has trudged through a few pounds of "experimental" novels: "The truth of fiction is that Fact is fantasy; the made-up story is a model of the world." This is the point of Barth's sexy versions of Scheherazade, Perseus and Bellerophon; some may find the conceit intriguing, while others will be glad that it doesn't intrude often enough to spoil these unique, entertaining tales.

Dunyazade, the narrator of the first story, is the kid sister of Scheherazade of *The Thousand and One Nights*. "Doony" marries the brother of the king whom "Sherry" was entrancing and plans to murder him to avenge her sister's exploitation. But he enchants her with stories, as Sherry did the king. Words and sex stave off mortality; so much for the conceit. What lingers are her husband's words at the end of this

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graceful erotic fantasy: "Let's embrace; let's forbear; let's love as long as we can."

Perseus, the narrator of the second tale, is restless. His Medusa-killing is behind him, he's putting on weight, and like Tennyson's Ulysses he's finding administrative duties a bore. His marriage is stagnating: "No man's a mythic hero to his wife." An oracle suggests a trip to the scenes of his mythic triumphs, the trip becomes symbolic as he ponders a series of murals illustrating his exploits and attempts to dope out some pattern to his life, and Barth again makes his point about art and mortality. The ending is a thrilling imaginative leap in which Barth invokes the constellations of the night sky, Perseus among them, chanting softly, happily, to his love.

Bellerophon has other problems. As a young man he feels destiny calling him to be a mythic hero, but he's not sure how to go about it. A mystic offers him a Pattern and he tames the winged Pegasus and kills the Chimera, yet he feels a failure: "I'm not a mythic hero. I never will be." To discover what went wrong Bellerophon decides not to revisit scenes of earlier triumphs but—in Barth's boldest use of the life-art motif—to be transformed into pages 137 through 307 of the book *Chimera*.

Myths shaping stories shaping lives. Like the footnotes to *The Waste Land*, the apparatus is there if you want it. So, fortunately, is a fine randy comic epic. It's a shimmering, magical book—probably the best Barth has produced. □

Memoirs, 1950-1963
By George F. Kennan
Little, Brown, 368 pp., $12.50

INTROVERT ABROAD

ARAM BAKSHIAN JR.

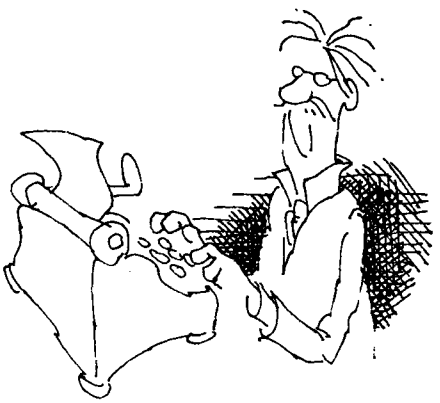
Before stating my own evaluation of Ambassador Kennan, I defer to the words of two of his peers, men who can scarcely be accused of a NATIONAL REVIEW, Republican or conservative bias—the late Dean Acheson and Ambassador David Bruce. In his *Present at the Creation*, Acheson, a keen judge of character when he chose to be, characterized a Kennan memorandum as "typical of its gifted author, beautifully expressed, sometimes contradictory, in which were mingled flashes of prophetic insight and suggestions . . . of total impracticality." Ambassador Bruce, in a 1954 conversation with C. L. Sulzberger, recounted in the latter's memoirs, remarked that Kennan was "far too emotional and egocentric," and that it had reached the point where Bruce "simply could not read Kennan's reports and telegrams because they were so long-winded and so blatantly seeking to be literary rather than to provide information."

Both remarks are unhappily appropriate to George Kennan's latest volume of memoirs. A man of undoubted gifts and intelligence, Kennan says a great deal that is profound and useful about Communist thinking and policy. He is a middle-ranking scholar of no small attainments and, in subordinate positions, was an accomplished foreign service officer. But, in both capacities, he has fallen short of the first rank. Pettish, morbidly proud and self-conscious, Kennan could never become that which he most desired to be—a cool, polished, old-line diplomat of the highest order.

AFTER READING the second volume of his memoirs (and re-reading the first, which appeared in 1967) one concludes that the defect lies in his background and personality. The son of a colorlessly respectable middle-class Milwaukee family, Kennan lost his mother in infancy and led an introverted childhood. At Princeton he was neurotically shy and aloof, spurning most of his classmates before they could have an opportunity to snub him. Despite disclaimers, one senses a tremendous (and unnecessary) class consciousness—an unjust fear of appearing as a yokel from the Midwest.

This, in turn, shaped the mature Kennan, scholar and diplomat; sensitive, intelligent but a trifle affected—a provincial turned stuffed shirt. The transition from Sears Roebuck knickers to cutaway made this already inhibited, self-conscious man even more the prisoner of his misgivings, and diminished the range of his responses to practical, human problems outside his personal circle. This is unfortunate because I believe he might otherwise have been a great diplomat—not just a prominent diplomatic thinker.

The same fear/hatred of American *gaucherie* cut him off from a real understanding of our national character and institutions. Again and again, the pages of his memoirs reflect a man sincerely and conscientiously serving an American people and rough-and-tumble American political system to which he has remained a stranger. How much simpler to deal with, say, Tito, a gracious host, never, never swayed by lobbyists or op-



position street demonstrations! How much neater, cleaner and more dignified! Mr. Kennan is an honorable, moral man. As such he is duly revolted by the bloody excesses of Communism, but his greatest bafflement and disdain are reserved for certain things American. Thus:

"What the phenomenon of McCarthyism did do, in my case, was to implant in my consciousness a lasting doubt as to the adequacy of our political system, and the level of public undertaking on which it rested, to the role of a great power in the modern age. A political system and a public opinion, it seemed to me, that could be so easily disoriented by this sort of challenge in one epoch would be no less vulnerable to similar ones in another. I could never recapture, after these experiences of the late 1940s and early 1950s, quite the same faith in the American system of government and in traditional American outlooks that I had had. . . ."

And yet it was precisely the sort of diplomat that Kennan was, quick to overlook the presence of fellow travelers in government and scornful of the efforts of men like Acheson and Dulles (in their different ways) to win over congressional and public backing for a comprehensible set of foreign policy aims, that made it so easy—perhaps so inevitable—for public opinion to fall into excesses. It is not enough to blame the supposed denseness of popular understanding. Part of the blame rests

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with professional diplomats who, in the difficult early cold war period, had little idea of where we were headed, much less how to get there or explain matters to the public.

Kennan, for example, seems to have been thoroughly traumatized by the horrors of World War II, and, with the advent of nuclear weapons, based his entire approach on the premise that war was now unthinkable. War, it hardly need be said, should never be welcome. But when one makes the complete *unthinkability* of war one's prime axiom, one has eliminated all others. You can *hope* that your adversaries reciprocate; you can urge and encourage their restraint. But that is all.

It was this posture of genteel limpness that George Kennan advocated in the 1950s—a unified, neutralized and essentially demilitarized Germany, a weakened or eliminated NATO, and the transformation of Western Europe into a series of states in the Austrian and Yugoslavian mold—"sovereign" only at the sufferance of a Soviet Union already apprised of America's (i.e., an America following Kennan's policy) conviction that war was now unthinkable.

"One of the things I have to learn in life is that in political matters truth prematurely uttered is of scarcely greater value than error," Kennan notes in this connection. The fact is that premature "truth" *sometimes* is error. Premature "truth," to use a cold war simile, is like informing an unfortunate Alaskan that summer is here, the snow has thawed, and he had better shed everything but his swimming trunks, while the blizzard is still really at its height.

THAT IT perhaps is possible to work in concert with the Soviet Union for a genuine lessening of tensions today is not a vindication of the weak policies men like Kennan advocated twenty and more years ago. Rather, it is testimony that America, by resisting such counsel, maintaining a strong posture in Europe and building up a durable West European community, has created a climate in which Russia now finds it easier to negotiate than to confront—at least for the moment.

One final and friendly word in what must read as a rather hostile review. Despite his crotchets and delusions, Ambassador Kennan emerges as a very decent, very literate fellow, and as a writer of considerable talent. His lack of feel for America is more than made up for (as an author) by his deep affection and perception when it comes to people and places in Russia, the Baltic, the Balkans and, to a lesser extent, England. His descriptive gifts are considerable and one wishes he would use them more often. They far outshine his countless sermonettes on policy, and ring a deal truer. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

THE NATIONAL DIVIDEND PLAN PRO & CON, *edited by Martin R. Gainsbrugh (National Industrial Conference Board, 383 pp., $6.95).* Out on the hustings, Lonesome George is promoting tax reform. Thus very topical is the tax reform proposal of this book, which says to every person eighteen or over, "How would you like $500 for casting your vote in November?" Such is the idea of the Perry plan or National Dividend Plan. It proposes a constitutional amendment with three main provisions: 1) the federal corporate income tax would not exceed 50 per cent; 2) taxes collected on corporate income would be redistributed equally to each voter; 3) corporate dividends would be tax-exempt. The plan's author, John H. Perry, invited criticism from prominent government officials, business economists and economics professors, and their responses make up the provocative contents of this book. Among the respondents are: C. Lowell Harriss of Columbia; Murray L. Wiedenbaum of Washington University; Sen. Wallace F. Bennett of Utah; Walter E. Hoadley, chief economist, Bank of America; Henry H. Fowler, former Secretary of the Treasury; and Jules Backman of New York University. Arguments in favor of the National Dividend Plan: its efficient way of combating poverty—without work *dis*incentives, without a bureaucratic overlay; its promotion of good citizenship and a better understanding of the free enterprise system—National Dividend money demonstrably originates from corporate business; a feasibility study by Lionel D. Edie & Co., Inc., a business consulting firm, is favorable. Arguments against the plan: its inflationary expenditure added to an already unbalanced federal budget; its possible worsening of the business cycle by encouraging consumption at peaks and discouraging it at troughs; its failure to reduce the corporate income tax, which loses a chance to foster investment.

M. B. PETERSON

LIBERTARIANISM: *A Political Philosophy for Tomorrow, by John Hospers (Nash, 488 pp., $10).* One would like to say good things about Professor Hospers' book—I especially would like to, inasmuch as I find in what he says persistent echoes of what I say in my own lectures, and it is always good to find a comrade. Yet, though it is pleasantly written (albeit badly printed, but that is not his fault) and free from the shrill tone of some of the minor and eminently forgettable libertarian tracts, I suspect it is too long to convert the skeptical, too informal to provide the necessary philosophical underpinning for the faithful, too diffuse (and too much oriented toward economics) to attract the waverers. But when I have said this, I am assailed by a sense of injustice committed: Professor Hospers has not written a tract, but has tried to set out the main agreed-upon principles of libertarianism. He has provided a book that can answer the question "what is libertarianism?" and to a lesser extent the question "why?" And it may well be that in California, where he teaches and where this book was published, these questions are often asked. In the seven years I have been in Wisconsin, I have heard them asked but once and then not even quite in those words: quite probably this explains my mixed reaction. But I still wish Professor Hospers, who is Director of the School of Philosophy at USC, had been a little more rigorously philosophical in this book. And I beg leave to doubt his claim that libertarianism in this A.D. 1971 is only "an idea whose time has come." I wish it were.

J. C. LOBDELL

THE BEWILDERED SOCIETY, *by George Charles Roche III (Arlington House, 346 pp., $8.95).* This is a book that conscientious liberals can read with only moderate discomfort; it also contains observations that will disturb the complacent conservative. Dr. Roche does not minimize the gravity of the forces that have led to our contemporary crises, but he stresses the fact that the drift toward bureaucratization and depersonalization began long ago. In fact: "In a variety of ways, the American Civil War saw the substantial growth of the power of centralized government to control the opinions, property, and persons of its citizens. The Union had been preserved, but only at enormous cost in terms of the erosion of the individual values which Americans had previously cherished." The author's central thesis, that "giantism" and "enmassment" have been allowed to pervert or stifle the impulses that had originally contributed to the uniqueness of the American Dream, is demonstrated through a mass of historical data; we frequently blundered into compromises with the best of intentions. His treatment of the Progressives is particularly instructive, though the label itself, if one ponders its application to the followers of Theodore Roosevelt as well as those of Henry Wallace, can be misleading. Dr. Roche is far from despairing. In spite of his complaint that "The pressing necessity of finding 'a life worth living' is nearly inexpressible," he has already come very near to expressing it.

W. A. HUNTER

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Arts & Manners

The GIMLET EYE

D. KEITH MANO

Coney

Even its derelicts are wonderful. The old parachute jump impends, monstrous: steel armature for a mushroom cloud. Wind plays through its cables, as through an Aeolian harp, keening out ghosts of pleasure, forgotten moments of weightless fall. Here and there obsolete rides, so many brontosaur carcasses, hunch in an empty lot. One Moorish block long, its pink marble columns shin-splinted now, the Washington Baths Annex waits for a generation without indoor plumbing. Coney Island: a boomtown red-light district perhaps. Dates—1875, 1884, 1897—mark consecutive stoops, like the street addresses of time. Yet Coney Island is apt, spontaneous: Brooklyn and Brooklyn's people going down to the sea. Of a piece with these, yet heightened, slapstick, marvelously corrupt.

Memories—

Tammy. Beautiful child. I lost her respect and love at age eleven, when the Flying Swing man held me upside down for fifteen minutes, a hundred feet over the Midway, until I was weepy and befouled with height fear.

The weight guessers I fooled. For 50 cents they would plump and squeeze me, miss every time by twenty pounds. And I would walk off, proud of my special heaviness, with a 10-cent Empire State Building, made in Japan.

The Fun House car that ran over my expensive steel-tipped shoe, made me a laughingstock. For six months, through my sophomore year in high school, I walked, I danced, I sat, left shoe hidden behind right, a soup-spoon dent in the toe.

The tattoo parlor. Gone now. My good friend Tony got MOTHER on the back of his wrist there. Dead three days later: dirty needle, hepatitis. Untattooed hand covering MOTHER in the coffin.

And this summer. The League of Women Voters was at Coney in force: mythical ladies, a sort of centaur, half-human, half-bridge table. Getting the youth vote registered. And the Coney Island Chamber of Commerce had offered, as an inducement to good citizenship, four—count them—four free harrowing, scary rides. If George gets in, make that five.

Saturday evening. The barkers lean out at you, bent over in an eternal beckon. Time on their five o'clock shadow seems never to move ahead. Friend, yes you, come over here. See these milk bottles . . . sure, probably they're screwed to the booth floor. Bess Myerson, Consumer Affairs Commissioner and killjoy, has cited seventeen violations at Coney Island. Seventeen? She wants the game operators to list rules, prizes. But Bess doesn't understand or love Coney Island: one expects to be cheated there, it's half the fun. For security, buy a savings bond. The fuzzy puppets are all fuzz, no puppet: heave a baseball and you hit air. Dishes are carefully inclined to reject your penny. The ring toss must fall at angles that deny a good half of Newton's laws. Even the fortune tellers want first to bless the money in your wallet, hawking spit on the leather, chanting distractions long enough to clip a ten spot. And that giant panda on the top shelf, grimy now after ten summer seasons—always a reason why you must take the shoddy plastic pig three rows under. It's America: hard work, ingenious in a small way, good humored.

And, praise God, it's not for children. None of your Sesame Street/Disneyland exploitation: lewd pigs and mice and ducks, all afflicted with a thyroid giantism. "Look, Johnny, it's Santa Claus; see, Johnny, that's an aardvark—it eats ants." Pacifiers and Cracker Jack in your pockets; shoulders bent by small, tired legs; fingerprints on your eyeglass lenses. To hell with Johnny and the aardvark. Coney is for grown-ups: no pretense of uplift or education. Instead, a self-assertive, joyous decadence. Palisades Park is gone, its Loch Ness monster silhouette plucked from the Jersey cliffs, room there now for dour high-rise apartments. Coney's fine beach has preserved it, at least until now: relic of a good age, once upon a time, when enjoyment wasn't some force-fed ABC lesson, or a rubber hammer tapping at the knee reflexes of your Calvinist guilt.

Compare Warner Bros.' spiffy, cloying Jungle Habitat in New Milford, New Jersey. People are zooed there, moving in dank windowshut cars, bumper to bumper to bumper, traffic cum entertainment. At $3.75 per adult—credit cards accepted—you don't let the kids sleep. ("Damn it, Johnny, enjoy that elephant or I'll break your head.") The place is amusing enough: put popcorn on the car hood and a baboon will check your oil and water, then leave a deposit on the windshield. Johnny Weissmuller extras herd the cars along, Land Rovered, safari jacketed. One lion, called Firestone, has punctured six left rear tires: Leo Africanus; habitat, the lower Borscht Circuit; range, about two hundred feet; latexiverous. One begins to hope for disaster, maulings. Jungle Habitat comes on like an overchaperoned dance. And Bugs Bunny performs at the amusement center: a Warner Bros. trademark on the seat of his rabbit suit.

THE PEOPLE aren't caged at Coney. I've spent an hour, forty rides, twenty bucks, on the great Cyclone, crazed by terror and momentum, by judo blows to my coccyx nerve center. As the car click-clicks up that first superb hill . . . well, heck, it's a liberal's fantasy. Social, economic, racial differences scale off. Instant intimacy: you talk, you laugh, you trust. Strangers have hugged me: one suggested an elopement as we rose, held only by our knee caps to the earth's repudiated gravity. An aged black told me of three disappointing wives, of his conversion to a queer, marginal Baptist sect, eyes shut, lips tucking me goodnight on the cheek. I held his glasses and loved him, at least for the fifty seconds of our mad ferret ride together.

At Disneyland, Jungle Habitat, the family unit is jealous and isolated.

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Coney asks you out on some great, blind double date: a league of victims, comraded by the poisonous food, the fraud, the fearful rides. Laughter is self-critical: Why, in God's name, are we here, to be centrifuged until nauseous, to have our pockets picked? People intermingle, touch; quick friends: a platoon before the deadly jump off at 0800. It's good, special. An endangered American species. Go there once, before our tyrant children find it. □

TRIBULATIONS

FRANCIS RUSSELL

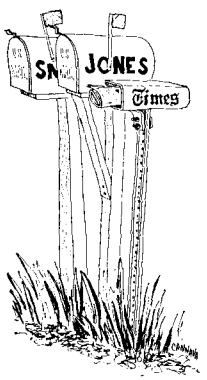
Death of a Newspaper

In its heyday it was the respectable voice of middle- and upper-class New England, the breakfast paper of the Boston Brahmins in those staid and far-off years when Massachusetts was still a Republican bailiwick, Governor Calvin Coolidge napped each afternoon with his feet on his desk, and the houses of Beacon Street and Commonwealth Avenue were town (and not lodging) houses. State Street commuters from the Beacon Hill outpost of Chestnut Hill read the *Herald* on the 8:25, turning first to the financial pages and only secondly to the front page.

The *Transcript*, the object of T. S. Eliot's early satiric poem, was Boston's tea-time paper. It somehow suggested bone china and crested teapots and Friday afternoon Symphonies. The *Herald* never reached the quintessential provincialism that inspired Eliot. If the *Transcript* carried the faint scent of Lapsang souchong, the *Herald* more heartily suggested ham and eggs. I remember from my boyhood the election day editions, with every front-page paragraph preceded by the somewhat redundant injunction: VOTE REPUBLICAN.

What killed Cock Herald? A motley of things: the New Deal shift of Massachusetts to the Democratic Party; the decline of the Yankees; the emergence of the rival *Globe* from its family-paper status in the lesser suburbs to a more intellectually influential position, attractive both to Cambridge academics and better-heeled suburbanites; inflation; and finally and directly the loss of television station WHDH whose $5 million a year profit conveniently offset the *Herald*'s $2.5-million annual deficit.

The WHDH-Channel 5 controversy, regulatory highwater mark, involved seventeen years of litigation that filled 79 volumes of testimony. Half-a-dozen times the Federal Communications Commission reversed itself. The controversy began in 1947 when Robert B. Choate, the head of the Herald-Traveler Corporation (and the Yankee model for Amos Force in Edwin O'Connor's *The Last Hurrah*), applied for Channel 5, one of the four television stations granted to Boston under a bureaucratic formulation based on population, "engineering data and community profiles" —whatever the latter may mean in ordinary English. Before Channel 5 could be assigned, the Korean War intervened to put a freeze on all television channel awards. By the time the freeze was lifted, television's monetary possibilities were much more obvious. Four additional groups applied for the Channel 5 license. After some months of hearings an FCC examiner awarded Channel 5 to a group known as Greater Boston Television. The four losers appealed. Fifteen months later the full Commission overruled its examiner and awarded the license to the *Herald-Traveler*. Then several years later the FCC, instead of granting WHDH the usual three-year license renewal, gave the station only a temporary four-month license and at the same time invited new applications for Channel 5, apparently on the grounds that newspaper ownership of a television station created a media monopoly.



THE CUSTOMARY appeals followed. In November 1970 the appeals court upheld the FCC decision, and the Supreme Court declined to review the case. All this time WHDH continued to broadcast on Channel 5. But in July 1971 the FCC gave permission to Boston Broadcasters Inc. to construct a station. In January 1972 the current FCC chairman, Dean Burch, said he believed the original decision to award Channel 5 to BBI (made before he joined the Commission) had been a mistake but that now the court's mandate had to be followed. "I cannot help but feel," he added, that "an unconscionable injustice has been done." For the third time the Supreme Court refused to intervene. On March 19, after fourteen years of telecasting, WHDH went off the air and was replaced by BBI's WCVB. The group behind Boston Broadcasters had gambled a million and won fifty. The Herald-Traveler Corporation had spent two million in losing.

WITH THE loss of Channel 5 the *Herald*'s demise was only a matter of weeks. Yet the paper might have survived. It still had a loyal corps of some 200,000 readers, less than half that of the *Globe* though in many ways of higher quality. But after Choate's death it had been allowed to waste away. The best efforts of its publisher and corporate president, Harold Clancy, for fifteen years had gone into the struggle for the television station. Only the second-best went to the *Herald-Traveler*, as the *Herald* had been labeled since 1967 on the folding of its brasher afternoon counterpart. Clancy and his managing editor David Farrell were Democrats, and in 1964 the *Herald-Traveler* almost hysterically supported the Democratic candidate for governor, Francis X. Bellotti, over the Republican John Volpe. Two of the three *Herald* editorial writers then quit on the spot. So did many readers.

On June 18 and with no message of farewell, the Sunday and final edition of the *Herald-Traveler* appeared. Some of its top-liners, among them cartoonist Dahl and Society Editor Alison Arnold drifted to the *Globe*. Others, like the financial editor Edson Smith and the sea chronicler Ed Snow, turned to the new paper, Hearst's *Boston Herald Traveler-Record American*. About 1,200 less fortunate employees were left jobless.

Clancy viewed the new morning paper that appeared on June 19 as "a reincarnation of sorts." Indeed it is, for in an effort to capture the *Herald* breakfast tables, the Hearst people

Peter Hepple *is editor of* The Stage, *a magazine of theater, television and the performing arts published weekly in London.*

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have replaced their sensational morning tabloid with a paper in the old *Herald*'s more dignified format and with many of the *Herald*'s features, including the financial pages, the comics (the new paper now has 33) and such various syndicated columnists as Cy Sulzberger, Jeffrey Hart and Max Lerner. The result is an heraldic beast, a Hearstogriff, that if it is not handled carefully will alienate the not-overly-literate mass readers of the largest circulation paper in New England without gaining the class ones. My own prediction is that a third of the *Herald* readers will go to the *Globe*, a third will forgo morning papers for the *Christian Science Monitor*, and the rest will either turn to the *New York Times* or quit reading. And in the end Hearst will digest the *Herald* without a trace. □

THEATER

PETER HEPPLE

God Bless America

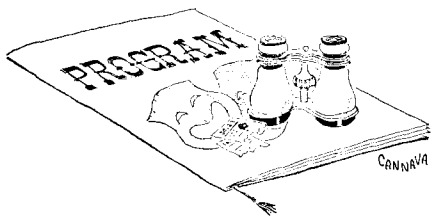
It may take Londoners another year or two fully to realize they live in a tourist town. Those of us who work in the center of the city know it well enough. We whose lives are in some way bound up with the theater are close to adopting "God Bless America" as our anthem, whatever the rest of the world may think. Commercial managements are quite blatantly cynical and materialistic about the whole tourist invasion; one suspects the tastes of American visitors are not altogether left out of the calculations of even the National Theater and the Royal Shakespeare Company.

WHAT DO Americans go to the theater to see? Quite obviously, the classics, and Shakespeare in particular. To satisfy the demand, Sam Wanamaker, an American himself, opened, or caused to have opened—thanks to the generosity of the tobacco company, John Player and Sons—a Shakespearean theater called, somewhat grandly, the Bankside Globe Playhouse situated only a couple of hundred yards away from the site of Shakespeare's Globe.

Now in theory the idea may have been worthy, historical and romantic. In practice it turned out to be, as the half-revered, half-feared *Evening Standard* critic Milton Shulman put it, "like a building site with artistic pretensions." Opening-night audiences, venturing into a part of London almost as unknown to them as Tierra del Fuego, were surprised to find their thinly shod feet crunching on very sharp gravel as they attempted to find the entrance. When the performance—of Thomas Dekker's *Shoemaker's Holiday*—started, it became apparent that a canvas roof and canvas-and-planking sides were little protection against the rigors of an English July. Those who found it necessary to search for the sanitary arrangements during the intermission were dismayed to discover that they were of a type seldom encountered outside Turkish army maneuvers.

Of course, things got better as the season progressed—both the weather and the men's room—and the ten weeks ended with a distinctly original production, by Peter Coe, of *Hamlet*, in which Keith Michell got right away from the conventional title-role introvert and played Hamlet as a kind of Carnaby Street Che Guevara.

I mention the Bankside Globe Playhouse just because it was an example of things not being quite like what one is led to expect. Even the setting—in the picturesquely named Liberty of the Clink—is violently unhistorical on close



acquaintance, being an area of dismal warehouses and municipal apartment buildings. An American journalist, enquiring as to the exact site of the original Globe, was turned in the direction of a featureless block occupied by an engineering company with the almost unbelievable name of Porn and Dunwoody. "It's just behind there," said the bright young press lady.

The best Shakespeare in London this summer was at the Aldwych Theater, where John Barton redirected his Stratford-upon-Avon production of *Othello*. This was designed and dressed in the period of the Crimean War, a bold decision but one which came off very well in that it threw into high relief what the play is all about—military pride and prejudice. The prejudice is not of the racial type so effectively exploited by Charles Marowitz in his cut-up seventy-minute version of the off-Shaftesbury Avenue Open Space, which has Iago as a Black Panther militant accusing Othello of selling out to the white liberals, but the more subtle prejudice of an enlisted-man Iago passed over for promotion in favor of a whiz-kid general who just happens to be black.

THE LAUGHTER success at the National Theater, almost eclipsing such good productions as *The School for Scandal*, Tom Stoppard's philosophical send-up *Jumpers* and the ascetic *Richard II*, is the no-holds-barred revival of Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur's *The Front Page*, which follows the satirical gangster trend established this year in several British and American movies. A good jokey atmosphere is quickly established throughout the auditorium, not least through the distribution with the program of a mockup of the "*Chicago Herald Examiner*" which features such felicities as a picture of National Theater dramaturg Kenneth Tynan in the guise of Philippe "Phainting Phil" de Bronxville, Choctaw Indian midget wrestler.

Yet, strangely enough to English theater buffs who are inclined to think that much of what is best in the contemporary playhouse comes from your side of the Atlantic, American tourists have been drawn by traditional-styled British plays and actors. The market in England for such plays as *Lloyd George Knew My Father* is a decidedly shrinking one, but the presence of Sir Ralph Richardson and Dame Peggy Ashcroft has ensured a plentiful supply of both British and overseas theatergoers to the Savoy Theater.

Just to prove that August is no longer a theatrical write-off, impresario Robert Stigwood chose this month to premiere what must be one of the biggest shows of the year, *Jesus Christ Superstar*, which London got to see after the rest of the world. Jim Sharman, the director, was responsible for the Australian production and by all accounts what London is seeing is better than Tom O'Horgan's Broadway version. It is in fact a great deal better than many of us expected, for its naïveté and occasional vulgarity is redeemed by its musical qualities and a production that one suspects will influence other directors for a few years to come. The Bishop of Southwark loves it, a number of protest freaks outside the theater hate it but no one, I fancy, will be converted by it. □

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National Review Magazine

CHAMBERLAIN

(Continued from page 1128)

given to him to start an economic review, with Wilhelm Röpke as editor. Unfortunately, Hunold and Röpke had had a falling out. With Hunold's blessing, Hayek went to Röpke and received permission to divert the money to Mont Pelerin's uses. Röpke and Hunold subsequently became reconciled as Mont Pelerin members. Later Röpke resigned from the Society in protest when Hunold, again his good friend, was bumped from the secretary's job in a quarrel that came before my time as a Mont Pelerin member.

In a world in which whimsicality plays strange roles, maybe some way will be found to convince the masses that full employment forced by inflationary spending should not be the be-all and end-all of government policy. Let it come as a byproduct of freedom in the marketplace, when all the factors of production fall into their natural relations. Then, and only then, will Hayek—and our whole culture—be happy. ☐

SOBRAN

(Continued from page 1126)

by the truckload). Somehow Frank Kelley usually triumphs. This year may well be different. When Griffin returns from Washington to campaign in earnest, his strategy will probably be to try to make Kelley take stands that will offend either the McGovernites or the anti-McGovernites in the party.

Griffin himself is something of a mystery. He is respected, if not popular, nor even (as Minority Whips go) well-known, his aloofness contrasts sharply with Kelley's garrulous ubiquity (which may well be the way both candidates want it). Perhaps his taciturnity so far means that he is waiting for Kelley to talk himself out before he makes his own move. If his 1966 campaign is any indication, Griffin has superb timing; in the last few days of that race he came from behind to upset another of Michigan's most popular politicians, G. Mennen (Soapy) Williams. A recent *Detroit News* poll gave Griffin a 3 per cent lead; a slight advantage at best, slighter considering that nearly a fifth of those polled were undecided. But he may think it wisest to defer real campaigning for a time when the electorate is less preoccupied: In the final weeks of September the Tigers were in a tight pennant race. ☐

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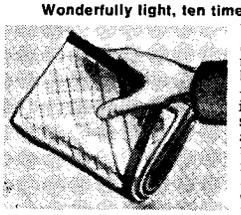

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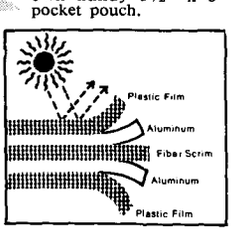

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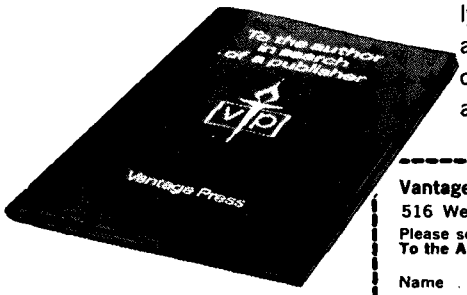

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GELTMAN

(Continued from page 1130)

return for a moment to Dwight Macdonald who reminds us that in 1940 "the Mongols had received an up-to-date constitution, of the same model that was recently exported to Czechoslovakia [Macdonald refers here to that country's first rape by Soviet troops], complete with social security, a judiciary and a conscript army." Macdonald thereupon describes the workings of the new constitution in which "all power belongs to the urban and rural workers as represented by the workers' Khurals . . . which are in turn represented by the Great People's Khural . . . which is convened once in three years by the Little Khural . . . [and] in the interval between the sessions of the Great Khural . . . the highest authority is vested in the Little Khural . . . [but] the jurisdiction of the Little Khural extends to: *nothing of importance*," Macdonald adds emphatically.

We further learn that "elections" to the phantasmal Khural are not what a Western observer might assume. For Article 71 informs us that "all citizens who have reached the age of eighteen have the right to participate in elections and to be elected . . . WITH THE EXCEPTION OF: exploiters, usurers, former khutukhta, khubilgans and higher Lamas, active dzasak and nadzasek, khans, vans, belli, beisi, and guns."

Naturally, no good democratic regime would let guns, vans and belli vote, except in Bella Abzug's district. In closing his "Remarks on the Constitution of the Mongol People's Republic," Macdonald quotes a poem to St. Josef Stalin, from which I give here only the last two lines:

"There is nothing more precious in the world to us
Than thy radiant name."

And lest the reader think such adulation is the product of the simple and primitive mind, he will recall that Nobel laureate Pablo Neruda wrote almost word for word the same eulogy to the same dictator. But it is only fair —since I have quote him at length— to let Macdonald have the final word:

"This sort of thing is either funny or frightening, depending on whether one is involved or not. The trouble is that we are all of us involved." And none more so that the current crop of adulators of the Great and Little Khurals—wherever they may be. □

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(Continued from page 1100)

argument that the "murder rate" (allowing for population increases) was exactly the same in 1957—at 3.2 per million—as in 1965, when the death penalty was abolished outright for a "trial" period; and hadn't increased much at all last year—only to 3.6 per million—despite "permanent" abolition of the death penalty in December *1969*.

Meanwhile, police officers in Britain have labeled recent Home Office murder statistics "a myth." Yes, and a deadly, cruel myth—with far-reaching repercussions on serious studies into the many different reasons why crime can exist in any society and how governments must act —sometimes harshly—to protect their law-abiding citizens.

London M. F. HARVEY

Foiled by Fagan

No, no, no! Dennis Fagan's piece [Sept. 14], "How Does Youth Think?" is simply not what Youth thinks—it is what some two thousand surveyed college students thought.

The 70 per cent of America's college-age youth who are not in college would vote overwhelmingly opposite to your results if they weren't laughing themselves silly at the stupid questions posed.

Indianapolis, Ind. RAYMOND G. SWEENEY

The article by Dennis Fagan was too stupid for words, especially the analysis in the question on the economy. With six parts to the question, why does he conclude that 91 per cent think that the new morality is all right just because 9 per cent think the recession is a result of sexual freedom?

His analyses defy analysis.

Albuquerque, N.M. PETER MEIS

Is this another put-on?

Miami, Fla. GEORGE J. POULOS

Never have I been so completely had. Your previous (in)famous hoaxes have always been easy to spot but I was halfway through my third reading of the article, with fury mounting, before the dawn struck and my ego crumbled in a heap of embarrassment. So please convey my congratulations to Mr. Fagan.

Manistique, Mich. A. M. LA SORSA

Charlatans and Christians

D. Keith Mano writes well, but inaccurately, when he conveys the impression that Billy Graham, Explo '72, the revivals in Brazil and Indonesia, and the charismatic Christians in America all belong to the same phenomenon as Apostle Skinner, if he has accurately described the Happening at the Garden ["Arts & Manners," Aug. 18].

As Mano describes him, Skinner is a skilled charlatan who heals no one and probably swindles quite a few people.

Billy Graham's life has been as far removed from financial scandal as the life of the average Episcopalian congregation is from the reality of the power of God (I speak as an Episcopal minister).

The pentecostal movement in our time is unbiblical in its insistence that conversion to Christ is not the same as being baptized with the Spirit; nevertheless, by the power of the risen Christ, thousands, perhaps millions, have found miraculous healing through prayer, and have experienced the living God as He came to men in the early Church.

Mr. Mano *is* right when he notes that the liberal churches are dying, and assigns the cause: "Churches die because of what isn't preached: Jesus, salvation, remission of sins, hope."

Chapel Hill, N.C. GEORGE WRIGHT DOYLE

Argentina: Another View

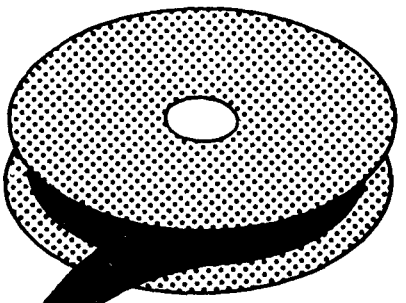
Once upon a time, the *New York Times'* man in Argentina wrote an article stating that one of our main problems was the Indian population—which is almost nonexistent.

Now it is *NR*'s turn. According to Mr. Rodman ["Revolution or Steaks?" Aug. 4], Argentinian generals own " . . . apartment buildings, supermarkets, huge estancias in the country, real estate in Mar del Plata, small industries." I would like him to name only two, so that we may learn about these unknown tycoons.

The military have done great wrongs since their arrival to political power in 1930, but they still are the most important guarantees of a pro-Western, Christian and democratic (yes!) Argentina.

Mr. Rodman quotes someone as saying "there'd be a revolution the same day" if "the supply of steaks were cut off." In fact, for a long time we've been having VEDAS, that is periods ranging from one week to more than fifteen days during which no meat can be bought at the butchers or eaten in restaurants or hotels.

Buenos Aires FEDERICO C. MASSOT



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Americans Abroad

On The Right

Moscow, Sept. 14—If you happen to be in the Ukraine, you should not fail to visit the city of Donetsk, a clean and orderly coal-mining center. In the center of Donetsk, occupying a couple of acres of space in an indoor track gym, are 25 young Americans, aged in their very early twenties. Beginning at ten in the morning, and ending at eight in the evening, the Americans are on duty. Two hours on, one hour off. When they are on duty, they are talking to the ten thousand Russians per day who pass through the United States Information Agency's current exhibit, called "Research and Development U.S.A." They are called "guides," and they have in common their incredible mastery of the Russian language, and their extraordinary charm.

A few of them came by Russian at their Russian mothers' knees, mothers who had emigrated from their Russian homeland. But most got their Russian from American college courses, supplemented by study in the Soviet Union. All of them applied for work as guides, a grueling three-month exposure of five or six hours' daily discourse with Russian peasants, bureaucrats, artisans and intellectuals who file by the exhibit ogling at the Pinto sports car, squinting at the oscilloscopes, running their fingers over the Apollo 10 capsule that circled the moon 31 times, thumbing through the volumes in the technical library, chortling at the scientific *trompe l'oeil* that has you reaching to pick up an exposed coin which under the benevolent protection of trick mirrors evanesces from your grasp—it is all too much, and the conversation tumbles from Russian mouths as if they had been taking vodka all day long.

WHAT DO they say? There is very little that doesn't get said, in the course of a four-week exhibit. Probably the conversational favorite has to do with the automobiles which, in Russia as almost everywhere else among the emerging nations, are the distillate of Everyman's fantasy. "How much does it cost?" I heard a young Russian ask, a little breathlessly. Twenty-five hundred rubles, the coed smiles prettily. You leave the Russian dumbstruck, because he has to pay *seven thousand* rubles for an automobile which could only be described as a 1953 Chevrolet manqué. And he can only get it by waiting for seven years, that being the waiting time, in Russia, for automobiles, breakfast, telephone calls, and just about everything except intercontinental ballistic missiles.

Soviet officials put up with the annual U.S. exhibits, the most renowned of which provided the backdrop for the kitchen-debate between Nikita Khrushchev and Richard Nixon in 1959, only because it is their obligation, under the cultural exchange agreement which is renewed every couple of years, to put up with them. That agreement gives the Soviet Union identical privileges to mount its exhibits in the United States and also grants the Communists (and this is what they primarily want) the right to send a few dozen students every year to the United States, to mooch on U.S. technology.

The hospitality of the Soviet hosts is to say the least erratic. It reflects, however unsteadily, the temperature of official Soviet policy toward the United States. That temperature ranges from below freezing to just above freezing, and of course there are Soviet meteorologists who stake out their careers, not to say their lives, on forecasting the temperature, and suggesting appropriate dress. The U.S. exhibitors quite naturally do everything in their power to advertise their presence. But in Russia there is no advertising space in newspapers, or radio, or television. Therefore they rely on such posters as the host city will agree to display, and on the notices given in the local press.

At the afternoon opening in Donetsk on Thursday of last week American officials were tremendously heartened by the splendid diplomatic and municipal representation, by the movie and television cameras, and the three newspaper reporters scribbling away on their pads like court stenographers catching every word of the dignitaries' speeches. Their combined efforts resulted in the following story in one of Friday's newspapers:

"Yesterday in the Donetsk Park of Culture and Recreation, named after Sherkob, the exhibition 'Research and Development in the U.S.A.' opened."

The exhibit director Mr. William Davis, an effervescent, omnicompetent black USIA polyglot who speaks German, French, Japanese and Russian, and loves to whip out a photograph of his $50,000 home in Potomac, Maryland, in whose two-door garage he keeps *his* Mercedes and his *wife's* Chevrolet, the three morning newspapers piled on his lap in the car, finally finds the little notice in one of them—and he is alive with delight. We made it! he says triumphantly, as if Clive Barnes had just published a full-page rave. Now he is confident that word of mouth will bring even more Russians into his exhibit in Donetsk, than he could *possibly* have hoped for! □

AMERICANS ABROAD—II *Moscow*, Sept. 16—It is much too easy to give up in this world, and I am on the side of those who say their beads at night imploring the mercy of the Lord, and those who figure that it is worth the effort to communicate, however fragmentarily, with individual Russian human beings. The United States Information Agency is wedded at least to the latter proposition which is why, in addition to the renowned Voice of America, year after year, doggedly and largely unnoticed, it sends around to six major Soviet cities a U.S. exhibit formed around one or another theme, technological or cultural.

The bare bones of it are: about two million Russians, in six cities, over a six-month period, spending an hour or two in an American exhibit. There they view advanced American technological contrivances. And there they converse with superb American human productions. The cost to the United States comes down to about $1 per Soviet visitor. I cannot imagine a better leveraged dollar.

What do the Russians ask about, in the technological Disneyland? The expected things—cars in particular. But many of them move quickly into ideological matters. Some of those who do so are readily detected as agents provocateurs. These come with their set speeches of denunciation of American practices international and domestic. The kids cope with them with extraordinary dexterity. But it isn't easy, because they may not take cracks at the host country. One young man told

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me that he is frequently taxed by Russian visitors over the use of firearms in the United States for acts of violence. I suggested to him that he might reply that at least in the United States the use of firearms for acts of violence is illegal. But of course that won't do, won't do at all. The ripostes must be non-polemical, non-personal, and maybe even a little oblique.

What do the Russians mostly tax us with? Well, a current favorite is Angela Davis, whose picture and strictures have appeared almost every day in the Soviet press, featuring her critique of America. Miss Davis has been diligently shielded, while in Russia, from the Western press, some of whose members have desired to ask her why she has not inveighed against the exclusion of the press from the trial of the political dissidents in Czechoslovakia. The young Americans are not beyond gently splicing this datum into their replies.

Vietnam remains big in the Soviet press. The Soviet press is best defined as a daily anti-Western spitball in four or six pages. (In the biggest tourist hotels, the only English-written newspaper you can buy is yesterday's *London Daily Worker*. As well ask for a hand grenade as for the *Paris Herald Tribune*.) The American guides proffer explanations. Not answers, but explanations. Several of the guides wear McGovern buttons on their lapels, and routinely profess their own disagreements with Administration policies in Vietnam. The effect on the Russian interrogators is stunning. The guides tell me that many of the Russian visitors come back, sometimes as many as a half-dozen times. I can only assume that in some cases the purpose of the return visit is to discover whether the young bearded guide with the McGovern button has been vaporized, replaced with a Sears, Roebuck Nixonite. Not at all. It surpasses their understanding.

EVEN AS Russia surpasses our understanding. Madame Furtseva is the cultural czar of Russia, a lady of striking beauty and charm who is the principal public agent for the enforcement of the dominant Soviet cultural paradox. She manages to maintain the position that in order to be pro-Russian, it is necessary to be anti-Solzhenitsyn. That is what the late Professor Willmoore Kendall used to call a "circle-squaring expedition." I said to the lady: "Will you permit into the Soviet Union any American writer?" "Yes," she said, expansively; coquettishly, even. She then took the initiative. Why were we not spending more time looking into Soviet culture? My friend replied that we had hoped to get tickets to the Bolshoi's *Anna Karenina*, but the house was sold out. Madame Furtseva picked up the telephone and winked, "I am not Minister of Culture for nothing." It was too much, but sure enough midnight descended, as clear and as black as for Cinderella. "You must write a novel," she said as we got up to leave. "Okay," I said, "if you promise to publish it in Russia." "Of course," she beamed, "—just so long as you write the truth." □

McGOVERN'S WAR ON WEALTH

New York, Sept. 20

—Senator McGovern, who is the candidate of many of the intellectuals, continues to mystify by the arguments on which he lays so very much stress. Recently he was in Texas, and there he lashed out bitterly at John Connally, who has organized "Democrats for Nixon." Senator McGovern said that he did not care for the support of "Connally and his billionaire friends."

Now the point bears analysis. John Connally was several times elected governor of the state of Texas not by the state's billionaires. They number, I should guess, three. Or, if you wish to allow for hyberbole and assume that when Senator McGovern said "billionaires," he really meant "millionaires"—even as when he said he would support Senator Eagleton 1,000 per cent he really meant he would support Senator Eagleton 100 per cent—let us assume there are a few hundred, or a few thousand of them in Texas. John Connally got a clear majority of the voters of the state of Texas. Connally fancies himself a New Deal Democrat. He backed John Kennedy and Hubert Humphrey most vigorously, but drew the line at George McGovern, as one-third of the nation's Democrats propose to do. Why does that suggest to McGovern that Connally is motivated only by a concern for his "billionaire friends"?

But McGovern, who himself earned over $100,000 in 1971, is obsessed with the subject of wealth. He thinks of it the way the ladies who formed the Anti-Saloon League thought of booze: as inherently wicked, and the more of it you have, the more wicked you are. It is a point of view that is interesting pathologically, but hardly one that should commend itself to intellectuals who think of their academic training as having emancipated them from primitive fetishism.

Consider McGovern's ad hominem blast, on the same occasion in Texas, against one or two people whose salaries were enormously high last year, one of them the president of Dow Chemical, the other the president of the Ford Motor Company. George McGovern told lasciviously the story of the head of Ford, Mr. Iacocca, getting $400,000 last year. No wonder—McGovern drew out his tale—that the head of Ford should not have to worry about the rising price of hamburger, and so on and so on. A few minutes of that and you find yourself not only resenting the head of Ford but convinced that the system that permits him to get $400,000 is somehow evil.

I want to know why.

Let's say that Ford sells two and a half million vehicles in a typical year. Then $400,000 in salary paid to its president comes to 16 cents per automobile. Now $400,000 is a great deal of money, but what business is it of George McGovern if the directors of Ford feel that they would rather have Iacocca as head of Ford, even at the cost of 16 cents per vehicle sold, than someone else, at a lesser figure? Who is affected by that decision? The stockholders. But they can vote in new management if they want to. What business is it of the government to set a ceiling on salaries, or to confiscate salaries past a certain point?

Notice that Senator McGovern always offers up as an illustration of inordinate salary the high-priced business executive. The reason for that is obvious. People don't in general know just what it is that the presidents of Ford, or of GM, or of DuPont, or of Standard Oil actually do: and therefore high figures of compensation strike them as extortionary.

LAST SUMMER I endeavored to buy for my son six tickets to a Rolling Stones concert. The Stones were giving four successive concerts at Madison Square Garden, capacity twenty thousand people. This was toward the end of a thirty-concert tour. I couldn't get them at the posted price of $6 per ticket. They had sold out on the spot. So, on a single afternoon, the Stones took in $120,000.

Should we resent this? The children and the shopkeepers and the fans who paid $6 if they were lucky, and bid up to $30 per ticket, didn't resent it in the least—they cheered the Stones as lustily as George McGovern was ever cheered.

When George McGovern goes lecturing, to eke out his living, he accepts a fee as large as the sponsoring committee offers. I have never heard him say that his fee is too large. It reflects, in a sense, his market value.

Mr. McGovern's aim is to stimulate envy and ignorance and greed, and to generate class envy. I invite him, next time he gives an illustration of unjustified reward, to use not the names of the presidents of corporations, but the names of the Rolling Stones, or the Grateful Dead, or Elvis Presley, or Elizabeth Taylor. That would introduce the subject in a soberer way. But that would not appeal to Bob & Carole & Ted & Alice, and they, plus Ken, are about all McGovern has left. □

(Washington Star Syndicate, Inc.)

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Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. Unscramble QUIT, ERIC! — 72 108 29 205 60 159 84 167

B. Plausible excuses — 118 16 3 88 55 161 100

C. How a Canadian province would be anglicized — 130 12 106 140 77 206 48 56 147 119 34

D. A river in South Carolina — 139 155 180 4 17 165

E. To give an account of in words — 178 57 11 128 32 19 192 168

F. Sagacious — 181 20 131 14 115 193

G. One of a group that saves Conrad Hilton a lot in wage payments — 183 98 86 104 116 132

H. Minoso's second name (he has five!) — 196 124 99 127 152 107 145

I. A port on Lake Superior — 38 76 85 87 23 42

J. The goddess of wisdom — 203 182 200 185 61 191

K. A type of journalism — 71 45 21 15 33 1

L. A type of radio/television performer — 18 171 150 199 141 189 212 31 58 44 78

M. A persistent disturbing preoccupation with an often unreasonable idea or feeling — 105 195 79 49 170 28 39 133 68

N. A surrounding area — 146 24 36 101 162 109 121 138

O. The capital of a Canadian province — 5 52 113 25 30 41 73 93

P. A Roman general (died c. 250 B. C.) — 157 174 69 35 89 80 110

Q. A native lump of precious metal — 169 10 207 173 37 163

R. A town in Fillmore County, Nebr. (you've heard of it now!) — 8 92 70 164 112 172 194 26

S. To pass the summer in a state of torpor — 125 175 102 96 134 22 190 208

T. One who believes in nothing — 188 126 210 114 197 143 103 176

U. Rended — 59 7 63 135

V. George Washington appears on them — 142 46 64 6

W. Impertinent aquatic animals — 13 136 211 66 2 156 27 81 54

X. A cheese similar to cheddar — 91 122 158 137 153 67 97 82

Y. One who is liable to get ringworm of the feet — 154 144 184 111 187 179 201

Z. A province of Canada — 40 9 53 83 129 160 51 202 204 65 74 120

X. French leave term — 50 75 90 43 95

y. A French composer — 117 123 148 151 166 177 186

z. To discharge completely — 47 62 94 149 198 209

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 1146 for solution of last Trans-O-Gram.

1 K	2 W	3 B	4 D	5 O		6 V	7 U	8 R	9 Z		10 Q	11 E	12 C	13 W	14 F	15 K						
16 B	17 D	18 L	19 E	20 F	21 K	22 S	23 I	24 N	25 O	26 R		27 W	28 M		29 A	30 O	31 L					
32 E	33 K	34 C	35 P	36 N	37 Q	38 I		39 M	40 Z		41 O	42 I	43 x		44 L	45 K	46 V					
47 z	48 C	49 M		50 x	51 Z	52 O		53 Z	54 W	55 B	56 C	57 E		58 L	59 U		60 A					
61 J	62 z	63 U	64 V	65 Z	66 W	67 X	68 M	69 P	70 R	71 K		72 A	73 O	74 Z	75 x	76 I	77 C					
78 L	79 M		80 P	81 W	82 X	83 Z	84 A	85 I		86 G	87 I	88 B	89 P	90 x	91 X		92 R					
93 O	94 z	95 x	96 S	97 X	98 G	99 H	100B		101N	102S	103T		104G	105M	106C	107H	108A					
	109N	110P		111Y	112R	113Q	114T	115F	116G	117y		118B	119C	120Z		121N	122X					
123y	124H	125S		126T	127H		128E	129Z	130C	131F	132G	133M	134S	135U	136W	137X	138N					
	139D	140C		141L	142V		143T	144Y	145H		146N	147C	148y	149z	150L		151y					
152H		153X	154Y	155D		156W	157P	158X	159A	160Z	161B	162N	163Q	164R	165D		166y					
167A	168E	169Q		170M	171L	172R	173Q	174P	175S	176T	177y	178E		179Y	180D	181F	182J					
	183G	184Y	185J		186y	187Y	188T	189L	190S	191J		192E	193F		194R	195M	196H					
197T	198z	199L	200J	201Y	202Z		203J	204Z	205A	206C	207Q	208S	209z	210T	211W	212L						

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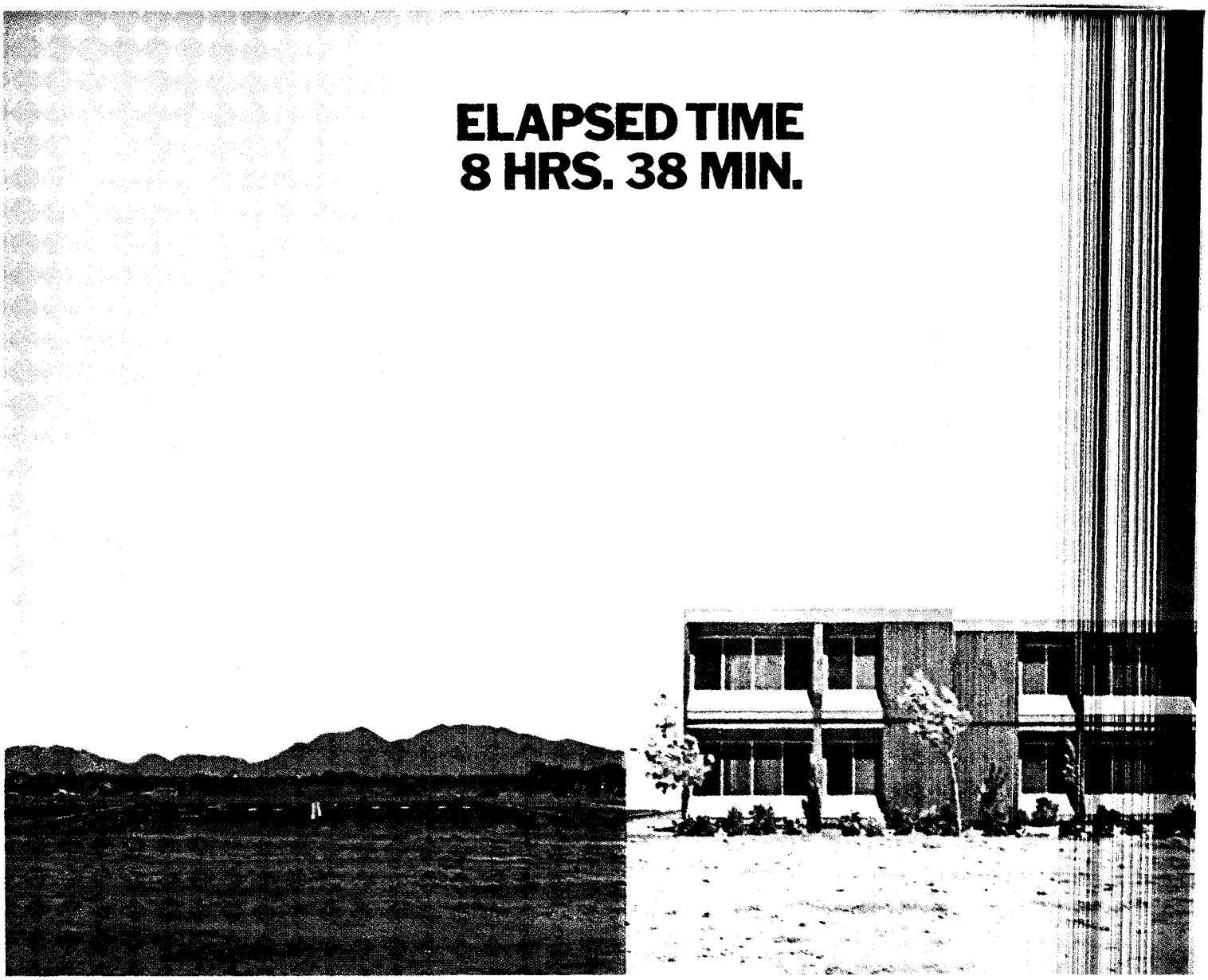

General Electric's answer to the housing shortage. It's all in a day's work.

The United States, with one of the busiest construction industries in the world, faces a shortage of up to 6 million new homes in the next ten years.

One of the causes is that houses have always been built largely by hand. But there's no reason modern manufacturing techniques can't speed up the building of a house.

That's what GE was asked to try under contract to the Dept. of Defense and HUD.

GE now operates two factories turning out comfortable, attractive, reasonably priced homes. The houses come off an assembly line as one or two-room modules, finished inside and out. They are shipped to a site and assembled quickly by a local contractor. The eight-apartment unit above was put up in Las Vegas by a Sun Home crew in a bit over eight hours.

General Electric has introduced a lot of new ideas for homes. Self-cleaning ovens, garbage disposers. And now, new ideas in homes themselves.

The housing shortage won't be solved overnight. But GE is working at it every day.

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